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[THE BYSTANDER January 10, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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CANdid comments by Miss CAN

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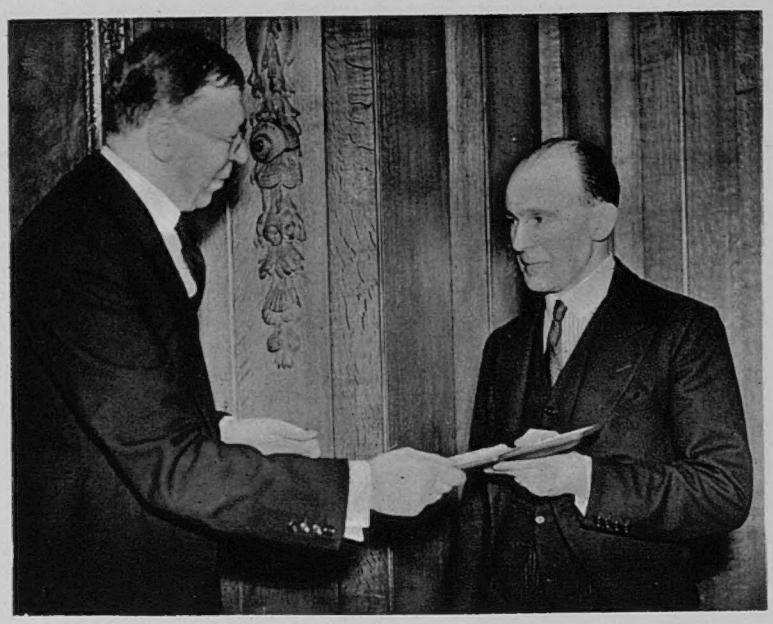
The Bystander

Pauline Waiting, by James Gunn

James Gunn is one of the 1270 artists who have contributed paintings, drawings, engravings and sculpture to the Royal Academy of Arts' United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House which opened to the public last Friday and will run until March 3rd. The Hanging Committee were Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., W. Russell Flint, R.A., Ethel Gabain, Viola Borradaile, M. Osborne, R.A., Gilbert Bayes, Bertram Nicholls, W. E. Webster, C. Pears, W. L. Clause (New English Art Club), R. O. Dunlop, A.R.A. (London Group), Bernard Adams, G. Harcourt, R.A., Alfred Turner, R.A., Victor Pasmore, Hesketh Hubbard. This list of names is an excellent guarantee that the Committee's claims to represent "all tendencies in British Art of to-day," and that they "endeavoured to place as many of the works offered as space allowed, without preference for any particular style or fashion" are justified. More pictures are reproduced on pp. 48-9



Departure from Lloyd's

Chiefs of the underwriting world fêted each other in Leadenhall Street last week, when Mr. Eustace R. Pulbrook, retiring Chairman of Lloyd's, gave way to his successor, Sir Stanley Aubrey, the latter giving him thereupon the Lloyd's Gold Medal, highest award for members, and made only six times since 1913

Departure for New Zealand

The Marquess of Willingdon left last week for the King's smallest Dominion, where he will represent the Sovereign at the centenary celebrations there. He was seen off by the Dominions Secretary, Mr. Eden (centre), and a large gathering of friends, carried in his baggage letters from New Zealand soldiers to their relatives and friends. Right is Lady Willingdon

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE situation in the Baltic is hotting up in a most unpleasant manner. The German threat to Sweden is becoming more definite every day, and it is proving that the German relationship with Russia is a good deal friendlier than our professional optimists would like us to believe. Pressure on Norway and Sweden can be exercised by Berlin without much trouble, and it is only through those countries that Finland can get material assistance from the outside world. The civilised world would be shocked by a German attack upon these two peaceful countries, but those men who are in charge of German affairs are not greatly interested in the opinion of civilised peoples.

EVERYBODY outside Russia and Germany is united in the deepest admiration for the Finns. But scepticism about the truth of all war news, except the speeches of Mr. Churchill and the austere communiqués of the French, is such that even official Finnish reports have been suspected of optimism. Later dispatches, however, have confirmed the first amazing reports, describing pretty convincingly how huge bodies of Russian troops have been outmanœuvred and utterly defeated. And now Leningrad itself has admitted desertions and "waste of ammunition." This last may be a euphemism for the use of machine-guns to encourage Red advances from behind.

THE calling-up of the new groups of conscripts gave a nasty shock for a moment to the veteran toughs of years ago. As the announcement read at first, it appeared that everyone up to the age of twenty-eight was going to be shoved into the Army at once. "Good heavens," cried the ancients. "It will be our turn in no time," and they began to slink off hastily to their doctors with serious complaints about rheumatism, housemaid's knee, shell-shock, and so on. It turned out, however, that their fears were comparatively groundless. The calling-up of the groups up to twenty-eight is going to be spread over the whole of 1940. And if we haven't dodged out of military service by the end of the year, we deserve to be conscripted.

TWO months ago everyone was asking "Will the Germans attack on the West?" Now they are asking, "When will the Germans attack on the West?" It seems to be taken for granted, and I think rightly, that there will be a smashing offensive on sea and land, and in the air, and by propaganda. The attack on Verdun in 1916 began as early as February 21st, but there were no tanks in those days. The great 1918 offensive started on March 21st. Personally, I think the critical moment of 1940 will lie between those two dates, and we might do well to keep our attention on the Ides of March.

IN the last war it was impossible to open a newspaper without finding that one of the Geddes family had been appointed to some job or other. They all of them seemed to be Field-Marshals and Admirals and super-controllers simultaneously. In this war the two most prominent figures so far are Sir Walter Monckton and Sir Kenneth Clark. Sir Kenneth whizzes from committees of artists to the direction of Government films, thence to National Gallery concerts, where he wields a pretty bâton.

THE New Year will be a momentous one in the history of America. The President has to make up his mind whether or not to run for "the third term." If he does not run, then the Democrats must get extremely busy digging out a candidate to replace him. The Republicans also have great difficulties in front of them. It looks at the moment as if Mr. Dewey, the celebrated District Attorney of New York, may be the Republican nominee, but there are one or two Senators who are strong competitors for the job. If President Roosevelt decides to create history by standing again, I think he will be re-elected.

EIRE is having her little troubles. The story of the Phœnix Park raid would be quite incredible if there had not been a precedent in the story of the Captain of Köpenick. Germany and Ireland are probably the only two countries in the world in which it is possible to walk into a bank or a Government arsenal and simply stroll out with anything you fancy.

READERS of the *News Chronicle* will be familiar with the name of Feliks Topolski, whose drawings have enlivened

that journal for a number of years now. Before the war there was a regular feature on Saturdays, when Topolski and the pestilential Mr. Shy went round London together and described with pen and pencil what they saw. Now Mr. Topolski is off to France, but not as a war artist. He is going as Lieutenant Topolski of the Polish artillery, and his many admirers will wish him the best of luck.

WINIFRED HOLTBY died at an early age, and a life of enormous promise was cut short. She was one of the best-loved women of her time, and she was one of the small group who proved that it was possible to be in earnest about the problems of the world and yet look beautiful and dress beautifully. A life of her has been written by Miss Vera Brittain called *Testament of Friendship*. I commend it to you all.

IT really does appear to be true that there is a soldier in the British Army called Private Joseph Stalin. He is getting a bit tired, it is reported, of having to say, "No, Sergeant, I 'm not trying to be funny. It is my real name." The only parallel that I can think of is the incident in the Marlborough Street Police Court on the morning after a Boat Race night some years ago. Mr. Mead, peering over the top of his spectacles at the atrocious ruffian who had pinched a policeman's helmet the night before, said mildly, "I find it difficult to believe that your name really is Aristotle B. Trotsky. But I have no means of proving that it is not."

THE *Daily Express* is a newspaper with which I do not always find myself in sympathy, but in its attack upon the railways in wartime I am one hundred per cent. on its side. I travelled down from Aberdeen a few days ago in the night express of the L.N.E.R. The train started two hours late, and after another hour had reached Stonehaven, fourteen miles distant. There was no heating and no lighting in the third-class sleepers, although the ordinary third-class carriages were a blaze of light. The sleeping-car attendant, who was beautifully obsequious to the first-class passengers, informed the shivering thirds that extra rugs could be hired at a shilling a time, but that he personally was not going to bother to fetch them, and that, therefore, the thirds could go without. The train arrived at King's Cross five and a half hours late.

IF ever a book was ill-timed in its publication, it is the Dean of Canterbury's latest political treatise. The Dean has had four months in which to correct his proofs, but he prefers to go on record as describing the Soviet Government as more Christian than Christianity, and as the real essence of spiritual and physical liberty. I am only stating a plain fact when I say that I am not King Henry II., but if I had been, and if four gentlemen had been in my presence called Fitzurse, Tracy, Brito, and Morville, I might have made a casual remark about turbulent priests at Canterbury.

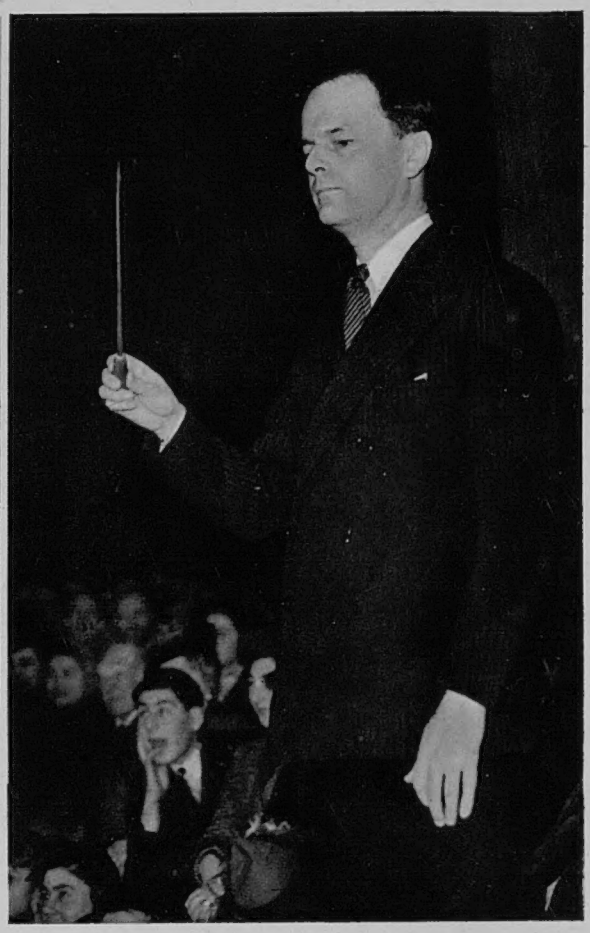
I HAD an enchanting Christmas letter from Sir Pelham Warner, describing the state of affairs at Lord's, where he has taken over command, the two secretaries having got commissions. In the course of his letter he mentioned that Montevideo had come into the news again, and he hinted that in earlier and happier days it had been even more prominently in the news, because he had once made 81 runs there. He also told me that he hopes there will be some cricket this year, and that Pilot Officer W. R. Hammond is likely to help in getting up one or two matches.

THE price of novels of ordinary size is going up from seven-and-six to anything between eight-and-three and nine shillings. This is an arrangement which has been reached between booksellers and publishers. The increase is due to rising costs and insurances of stocks and so on. But it is rather significant that the author's royalties will continue to be calculated on the old price. In other words, everyone will be happy except the author. And who cares about him anyway? Honourable exceptions to this new theory of Grub Street ethics are the firms of Macmillan and Company and the Penguin Books.

IT is one of the phenomena of this war that nobody seems to want to go to football matches. The play is more skilful, more open, much fairer and faster than it was in peacetime, and yet only a few hundreds turned out last week to see the celebrated Arsenal team in action. In peacetime the Arsenal Stadium seldom held less than fifty thousand people on a Saturday afternoon.

A Star Orchestra for the "Toy" Symphony

The New Year's Day lunch-time concert at the National Gallery was a gala affair for musicians and audience when Haydn's "Toy" Symphony got going. Not content with ten pianists for Schumann's "Carnaval," also in the programme, Miss Myra Hess had collected a star orchestra for the symphony—all the pianists, all the committee, and some distinguished guests as well. Mr. Moiseiwitsch had the triangle and the quail, Joyce Grenfell and John Simons were nightingales. Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer were cuckoos, Ronald Jones (secretary of the concerts) took the rattle, M. and Mme. Gerhardt, Denise Lassimone and William Murdoch drummed, the Menges Quartet provided the strings. King-pin was the Director of the National Gallery as conductor. A note on Sir Kenneth Clark appears on the preceding page



Sir Kenneth Clark Turns Conductor

People

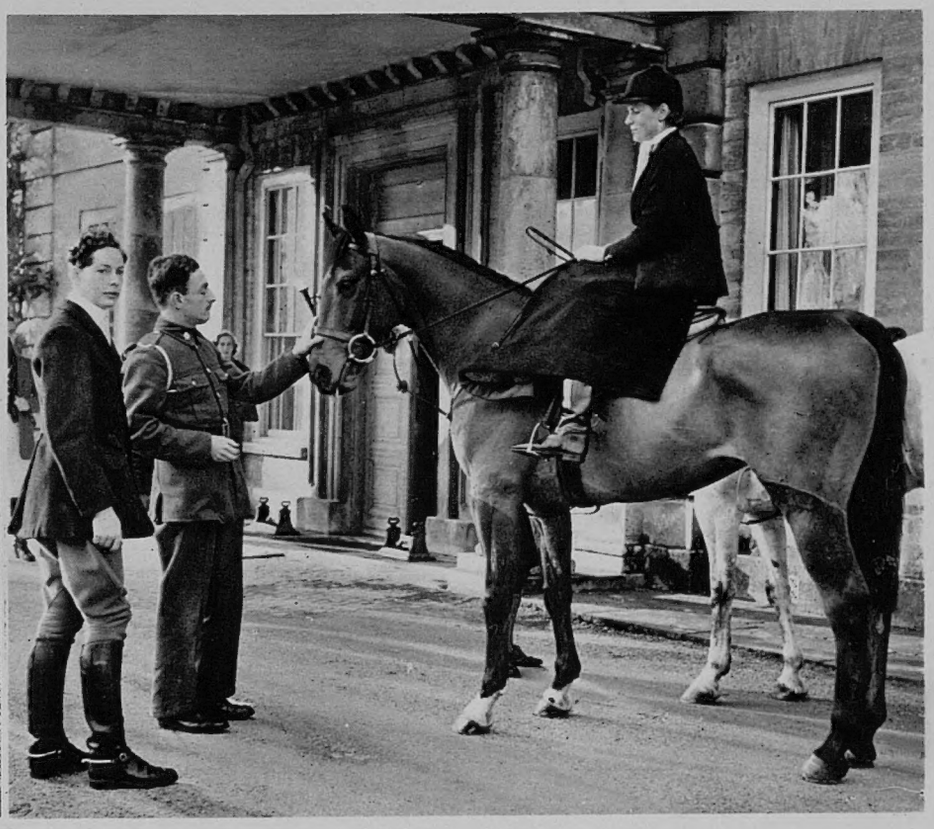
A snow holiday *took the Spanish Ambassador and his daughter, Dona Cayetana Fitz James Stuart y Silva, to St. Moritz, where the snow slopes are sadly empty this year. The Duke of Alba is a winter regular there*

A souvenir *among the many that Josie Gaye of Brixton brought back with her from the B.E.F. was the "Tittle Tattle Lost the Battle" poster. She took Teddy St. Denis's part in "Me and My Girl" at a moment's notice when Miss St. Denis caught a chill on the way to play to the troops in France. Twenty-two-year-old Josie had a big success with the soldiers*

A sergeant *in the W.A.A.F. who has a picture in the United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House is Veronica Burleigh, whose "Calliope" hangs above Bernard Fleetwood-Walker's "The Maidens" (see p. 49). In the R.O.I. show of 1938 it hung on the line*

Presenting *a new play to-night are Officer-Cadet the Hon. David Erskine and Maxwell Coburn. They are in joint management, and their first production is "The Bare Idea," at the Comedy. David Erskine was in the O.U.D.S., has played in repertory companies. He is the uncle of the present Earl of Rosslyn, who is the same age as himself — twenty-two*

Meeting *Canadian soldiers was the Countess of Bessborough, who knew that Dominion well when her husband was Governor-General there from 1931 to 1935. The occasion was a tea-dance given by the Canadian Women's Club for the soldiers of the Canadian Active Service Force. The first contingent arrived just before and the second contingent just after Christmas. Lady Bessborough herself is French, which pleases the French-speaking Canadians*



Hostess *to the Oakley recently was Lady Melchett when a meet was held at Colworth House, her home in Bedfordshire. With her here is her twelve-year-old daughter Karis. Her husband watches the Finnish war news with special interest since the nickel mines in the Arctic Circle bear his name. Lady Melchett is South African*

Joint-Master *of the Oakley is the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, youngest of Lord Luke's four daughters. Talking to her are the Hon. Julian Mond, Lord Melchett's younger son, and Viscount Erleigh, the Marquess of Reading's heir, who is a private soldier. Miss Lawson-Johnston has shared the Oakley Mastership with Mr. W. Brunskill since last year*

Sweets *are one of the "lines" collected and distributed to evacuees and wounded Service men by the Lion Hospital Aid Society. Countess Beatty is interested in this, and went to headquarters one day last week to inspect the goods that are being sent out*

Socks *and scarves and innumerable other knitted comforts are being collected in a West Halkin Street house where the Comforts for the Royal Navy Committee works. Lady Louis Mountbatten is a member of the Committee and Lady Pound, wife of the First Sea Lord, is its chairman. They send out wool and knitting instructions, receive and re-dispatch the finished garments. Many naval officers' wives work regularly at headquarters*

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

That Russian Steamroller

IF neither the partitioning of Poland, which after Germany's attack was logical, nor the attack on Finland, which was indefensible, had disillusioned foreign sympathisers with the Bolshevists, the course of the Finnish campaign should accomplish this.

It is explicable only by the mass-executions of Red Army generals in recent years. The season chosen was that when masses of snow accumulate on marshes soggy with the autumn rains, and the first frosts impend. A mighty ally, Nature, was presented to the small but efficient Finnish army; ill-equipped and badly-led Soviet troops groped their way through treacherous forests, filled with elusive and hidden foes who knew those forests well.

The naval operations, which resemble little Tommy's war-in-the-bath-tub, were even more childishly-conceived than the land ones: Soviet warships steamed up, anchored, and began a leisurely search for Finnish coastal batteries scarcely perceptible in the dunes—but these, profiting by this Heaven-sent target-practice, got their blows in fust.

Not "The Russian People"

IT is incredible; and many people would say, wrongly, "it is Russian." It is right, in my experience, to identify the German people with their present war; they have given themselves to it, all their leaders are German, it is in their blood. The Russian people, none of us know. They exchanged, twenty-two years ago, one tyranny for another and alien tyranny; four-fifths of the Bolshevist leaders (who were sent to and imposed on Russia by Germany!) were foreign Jews, ineligible by any standard to be called "Russians," and the Soviet régime has always remained a foreign, imported, non-Russian one.

When I was in Russia, all experienced foreign observers agreed that it was virtually impossible for a foreigner, under the Soviet régime, to know a Russian in the country where scores of millions of Russians live. I, at all events, though I met dozens of Soviet dignitaries, did not meet a single *Russian*.

The Russians are the inarticulate puppets who were sent groping through those Finnish death-traps, miserably clad, miserably led, miserably fed. Twenty-four years ago, while boot-millionaires and other ghouls were celebrating orgies of profit-taking in Moscow and St. Petersburg, these same Russians were being driven on to the German barbed-wire without boots.

Because of that, the idol in St. Petersburg began to wobble. Says Bruce Lockhart: "Horrible rumours of Russians manning the trenches with nothing but sticks in their hands percolated through from the front to the countryside"—and the process continued until the day when the Germans sent Lenin to Russia in a sealed carriage, like a germ, with 224 other revolutionaries, 170 of them Jews.

None can tell now how this Bolshevist adventure in Finland will end—whether Stalin will call a halt and cut not his, but the *Russians'* losses, or whether it will be pressed through without regard for cost in life—but the seeds of the situation of 1915 have by it been planted anew. Already those horrible rumours will be drifting back again to the hinterland of darkest Russia.

Finland and Us

OUR frontier has been variously said to be on the Rhine and nearly everywhere else save Mars, but at present it seems to be in Finland, and I do not mean—Confucius forbid—that we should begin fighting the Bolshevists.

This Bolshevist setback, which if it continues will approach the ridiculous, directly affects the final line-up in this war, which is still in the half-exposed-film stage, its outlines obscure.

For instance, it increases Germany's manœuvring space, and *Germany* is our enemy; when that issue becomes clouded, we are in danger. Germany and Bolshevy are not yet full allies. They have pooled their nuisance values, but not their fighting strengths. The vital question, on the answer to which very much depends, is whether they secretly have, or had, the full military alliance, the agreement to combine their striking power when these preparatory skirmishings reached a certain point.

Changing Values

THE Bolshevist débâcle, if it continues, will discredit Ribbentrop and the powerful Reichswehr group which was always for military collaboration with Bolshevy. It will bring back to esteem Alfred Rosenberg and the anti-Bolshevist group; if this is the value of the Bolshevist army, they will urge, why did we not turn East, why have we dragged the Baltic Germans away from their century-old homes? We could easily have mopped up this mob.

Powerful groups in Germany will then begin to argue that peace-with-the-West and a common-front-against-Bolshevism are better than stalemate-in-the-West and collaboration with Bolshevism, and if to this end Hitler needed to be dethroned—well, he has already nominated his successor, Göring.

We have been officially told that the two British officials, Messrs. Stevens and Best, were enticed to the Dutch-German frontier, where they were abducted, by an offer of peace parleys. What we do not know is, whether this was a Gestapo trick to get hold of two Britishers as dock figures for a Munich bomb planted by the Gestapo itself; or whether there really was a peace offer of which the Gestapo got wind. If there was, who was the man behind it?

Rumanian Respite

THE smiling third party in all this is the kingdom of that fantastically lucky monarch—as yet—Carol of Rumania. Until recently, Rumania had the dentist's-waiting-room feeling in an acute form, expecting daily, "Next, please." If Finland had been quickly subdued, Rumania would almost certainly have been partitioned between the Bolshevists and Germany, Hitler getting the oil. Now the threat has receded. The plan has gone agley. In a few weeks now, we shall see much more clearly.

***The New Zealanders'** anti-tank battery was inspected in camp by Lord Willingdon prior to his departure for their country (see page 34). With the ex-Viceroy of India went Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner in London since 1936, and himself a member of the N.Z.E.F. in the last war*

***The Canadians'** second batch were welcomed on arrival in the Old Country by their High Commissioner, Mr. Vincent Massey (here) and by Mr. Anthony Eden. They had travelled in a convoy of British, Polish and French ships, were sent to depot in the South*

An Admiral's Family

Sir Charles Forbes, C.-in-C., Home Fleet, His Wife and Children

When you read that submarines in the North Sea have been chased off or sunk by British warships, or that raiding aircraft engaged a convoy somewhere off the East Coast, the man on this page is finally responsible for the praise or blame attaching to such action. Admiral Sir Charles Morton Forbes, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, leaves behind him in the South of England a wife, two children and two grandchildren. We show you the family here

Bassano

Lady Forbes, *seen at her home near Virginia Water, is Swedish by birth, was Marie Louise Berndtson before her marriage to the Admiral as his second wife in 1921*

Baron

Sir Charles Forbes *got his present job in 1938; previously he commanded the first battle squadron, was second in command in the Mediterranean, Third Sea Lord (1932-34), Director of Ordnance (1925-28). He served throughout the war, winning a D.S.O. at Jutland. His K.C.B. came in 1935. The big picture was taken just before the war*

Elliott & Fry

Bassano

Elizabeth Forbes *is Admiral and Lady Forbes' only child. Captain Charles James Forbes, whose wife and son are seen on the right in their home at East Hendred, is her half-brother, Admiral Forbes' son from his first marriage*

Lenare

Mrs. Charles James Forbes *was Katherine Ledere Hogan, of New York, before her marriage to Admiral Forbes' son. Charles David is eight months, has a sister, Audrey Lee, 2½ years*

More People

In the News Last Week

Mr. Jim Lawrence and Miss Elizabeth Corcoran

Jim Lawrence and Elizabeth Corcoran announced last week that they were very shortly to be married. He is the eldest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth (who died last autumn), is well known as a Cresta rider, was in the Californian air-crash when Lord and Lady Plunket were killed. She is the daughter of the late Major W. Corcoran, and Mrs. A. R. Sykes, of 28, Eccleston Street, S.W.1, went on the stage, was in "Follow the Sun," has since become a photographer

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Sharp

Selwyn Sharp and Wendy Toye were married at Hatfield Register Office last week after a six months' engagement, will be married in church later on. She is a dancer and choregrapher, has done a considerable amount of excellent work for musical comedies, revues and pantomimes. Examples of her choregraphy can be seen at the moment in "Who's Taking Liberty?" at the Whitehall. She is the daughter of the late E. W. Toye and Mrs. Jessie Crichton Toye

Lord Redesdale Meets the Hon. Unity Mitford

Military guards, police, special investigation officers, reporters, photographers and Lord Redesdale awaited Unity Mitford when she arrived at Folkestone last week from Germany. No civilians but Lord Redesdale were allowed inside the harbour, not even people with passes to meet the boat. This passionate admirer of Hitler, still very ill, was brought from Berne by her mother and sister, having been caught in Germany by the war

The Hon. Standish Vereker and Earl Jellicoe in Training

The son of the C.-in-C., and the son of the Grand Fleet's C.-in-C. 1914-16, both joined up when war began, are both in training at "a famous military instructional college somewhere in England." The Hon. Standish Vereker, Lord Gort's only son, is twenty-seven next month, married Yvonne Barnett in 1938. Lord Jellicoe came of age last April, succeeded in 1935, is unmarried

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Moroccan princess: Joan Sterndale Bennett

"Panto." and Ustinov (Players' Theatre)

THE Players' Theatre in Covent Garden, being a period theatre, has appropriately celebrated the Christmas season by presenting a period pantomime, that period being the Victorian 'sixties, when writers of skill and wit were engaged to provide principal boys, principal girls, principal comedians and principal cats with their couplets. To-day it is far otherwise. The couplets in a modern pantomime are supplied by hacks and are just a painful survival which must be endured for old sake's sake. The writer does not want to write them, the audience does not want to hear them, the actor does not want to speak them. We put up with them as with old relations. They have, in short, degenerated into a funny old custom from the old funny custom they used to be.

BUT in the period *Dick Whittington*, at the Players', the pantomime couplet, thanks to Mr. Archie Harradine (adapter) and Messrs. H. J. Byron and R. Reece (original authors), comes back into its own with triumph. Here are no hacks, but ingenious, acrobatic, lively versifiers on the spree. We participate in an exhilarating literary fling, a first-class festival of rhyme, so that our ears are all agog to hear what the next rhyme will be and our hands responsive enough to applaud it when it comes. And since pantomime has never reached a lower ebb in the West End than this last Christmas, why not next Christmas make a new start, profiting by the instruction the Players' Theatre has afforded? Why not arrange to have *Cinderella* and *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Robinson Crusoe* written by writers instead of merely concocted by concocters? Charming as was the performance given by the clever, live little company, it was the authors of eighty years ago who carried off the honours. Even the nonsense food-songs of our forbears put modern efforts well in the shade, as no one who hears Mr. Harradine sing that tragi-comical classic, "An Oyster Cross'd in Love," could fail to agree.

THE best thing at the Players', however, on the night of my attendance was not the period pantomime. It was Mr. L. Ustinov, who appears in the preliminary programme of songs and virtuoso turns. It is difficult to write temperately of Mr. Ustinov, who, though only nineteen years of age, leaves such a deep impression that—well, if it had been Edmund Kean doing a stunt at a party, I should have thought it well worthy of the man who could play Richard III. so superbly. Mr. Ustinov's character was that of an old Austrian prima donna in the last stages of her farewell performances, grimly mustering the remains of a charm that never existed as she narrates her experiences and then amazingly gives us a taste of her quality. This is an immense piece of acting, too macabre and too true to be merely funny, though funny it undeniably is. Inevitably, it sets one speculating on the future of a young man who, if this is not merely a flash in the pan, may achieve heights we now only read about. Well, we shall see. And if he does nothing else, he has done something that should draw all London to the Players' Theatre. He would seem to be the thing itself.

Sketches by Rouson

Pursuing father, eloping daughter: P. Ustinov, Miss Mullen

A buxom Dick (Moonah Dorey) plus cat

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DEMOCRACY is often such a wayward little old sweetheart, baggage, mopsy, or haybag, that Lille Municipality's recent changing of "Rue de Moscou" to "Rue de la Finlande" and "Rue de la Russie" to "Rue de la Pologne" needn't excite the philosophic mind to any extent. If and when M. Daladier's boys go out—God send it be fifty years hence!—and if and when the minions of M. Blum return, those street names may conceivably be changed straight back again. It's an old Republican pastime, and, except when it destroys charming or historic street names of the past (*e.g.*, the Rue du Chat Bossu at Lille, the Rue des Quatre Vents at Rouen, the Rue de la Grande Truanderie in Paris, and hundreds more all over France), does nobody much harm. To find the Rue Hippolyte-Narcisse Dupont becoming, the day after a general election, the Rue Jean-Hégésippe Durand may even be a sensuous thrill in some circumstances. Moreover, to give even the smallest and dumbest and remotest and most Radical French town council its due, when it is naming or re-naming a street, it invariably honours local poets, men of letters, artists, and scientists along with the political riffraff of the moment, whereas our native boys seem to name their streets as Mr. Pullman (we suspect) does his first-class cars—from their wives' female relations, or possibly some girl they met.

Speaking of which, we noticed recently that whereas first-class Pullman cars used to be called Ermyntrude and Geneviève and Mélisande, they are now called Eva and Maud and Joan. We draw no conclusions, except that the Pullman boys may be getting to know a quieter, simpler type of girl—the kind that doesn't expect a slap-up ritzy dinner and a show, but takes them home to high tea on a Sunday to meet Mums and Dad. Not that such Cophetua-to-Beggar-Maid condescension in high places affects such as we, herded generally with the ruck in third-class cars which have no names at all, but are numbered like cattle-trucks, but it's just interesting, if you are interested in the emotional life of Pullman directors, and who isn't?

Eyeful

AMID the huge welter of official imbecility and waste in which the Home Front is floundering like a bogged elephant, it is pleasant to be able to tip one's beaver to whoever arranged that current "Why We Are At War" exhibition of photographs in the foyer of Charing Cross Underground Station. The whole thing is neatly illustrative, economical in phrasing, and barbed with unobtrusive satire—for example, the description of Kurt von Schuschnigg as "the scholar and gentleman who tried to negotiate with a German government," the parallel studies of the Ogpu and the Gestapo in mass demonstration, and the brief extracts from the more lying promises of Hitler and Stalin attached to studies of the two buddies in action. This kind of photographic propaganda rings the bell more instantly than millions of words, spoken and written, though the camera can lie on occasion with the best of 'em, of course.

Musing over this show, one couldn't help being struck yet again with the eloquent silent message of the Nazi Pan; the epileptic eyes of the Fuehrer, the bestial dial of Streicher, the brutish, implacable jowl of Goering in repose, the rodent line of the Goebbels noggin. Almost anybody can be made by the camera to look like a homicidal maniac—turn up your passport and confirm—but not all the time.

"I suppose it can only be a strange coincidence, dear?"

"Thanks so much for the orchids, Mr. Simpson, but what about the bacon?"

Quiz

EASILY the best of all the current "Do You Know?" series which Fleet Street is copying wholesale from the American Press—the natives of America really do yearn to improve themselves—is Auntie *Times's* Fireside General Knowledge Paper, which comes every Christmas and is first-class fun as well as a good all-round test. If Christmas isn't too far away already, you may remember that the paper was a bit easier this time than last, and a wee trifle more elderly. (Who except a rather aged boulevardier could remember, for example, that crashing bromide out of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*: "I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate"?) However, the most macabre result of Auntie's 1939 question-paper was that it inspired James ("Boss") Agate to set the 2,000,000 readers of the *Daily Express* a 100-word New Year general knowledge questionnaire of his own, and from the nature of those questions it was abundantly clear that the cynical Boss assumes the *Express* public to be mentally of the age of ten or thereabouts. (*E.g.*: "What people do you connect with the following places: Stratford-upon-Avon, Lichfield, Darkest Africa," etc., etc., etc.) This assumption probably surprised and took aback nobody but the Shoe Lane moguls, but we nevertheless think it was heartless of Boss Agate. Moreover, he was unjust. The entire Island Race was fourteen last April, as everybody knows.

Trial

IT takes about three weeks, a British military authority was telling us recently, for a modern civilised urban population to become air-raid-minded;

that is to say, to cease fussing and to accept recurring unpleasantness from the sky as part of the normal daily routine. And he ought to know, having studied the question recently in Abyssinia and China, and, above all, in Spain. The dignified, cheerful nonchalance of the populations of Saragossa and Oviedo particularly impressed him. Three warnings were given; the citizens lit another cigarette and strolled into the *refugios*; the bombers came over, did their stuff, and departed; and the citizens strolled out of the *refugios* and into the cafés. As for bombardment by shell-fire, he observed that Spanish lovers walking at twilight took no more notice than if it had been a battery of cushat doves pelting the city with orange-blossom. This seems to be the answer to chaps who still hold that modern populations can be demoralised by intensive bombing and shells. Even in the last war, when air-frightfulness, though relatively in its infancy, was still highly unpleasant, the efforts of Gothas, Zeppelins, and Big Berthas alike soon had little effect on the morale of civilians except to make them long-winded, boastful, and a great bore to troops on leave.

Racket

STORIES of an outbreak of "chemmy," faro, and rummy clubs in the West End, guarded by enormous bouncers and haunted by crooks, where as much as £10,000 changes hands every twenty-four hours, are seeping into the papers, making them terribly surprised and excited. Perhaps there are a few more of these joints now than there were six months ago, but we are assured that 's about all. There has probably never been a time for three centuries at least when a citizen who wanted a gamble for big money was unable to find the right place within a mile radius of Piccadilly Circus, but the fact is never admitted to any extent in modern times because everybody knows that vice of any kind is something which occurs abroad. For the same reason when one comes across a novelist like Maurice Dekobra, for example, casually remarking that one of his characters has taken part in scandals and orgies alike in Charlottenburg, Hampstead, and Greenwich Village, N.Y., one rubs one's eyes and deems the boy to be raving. Yet queer things go on, possibly, behind some of those sedate and prosperous Hampstead façades. We often get the same feeling about the Cromwell Road. There are days when every blameless retired major stepping out of his decorous private hotel looks to us like a diabolist, and every tweedy spinster trailing her Aberdeen dog, a Messalina. As for Queen's Gate. . . .

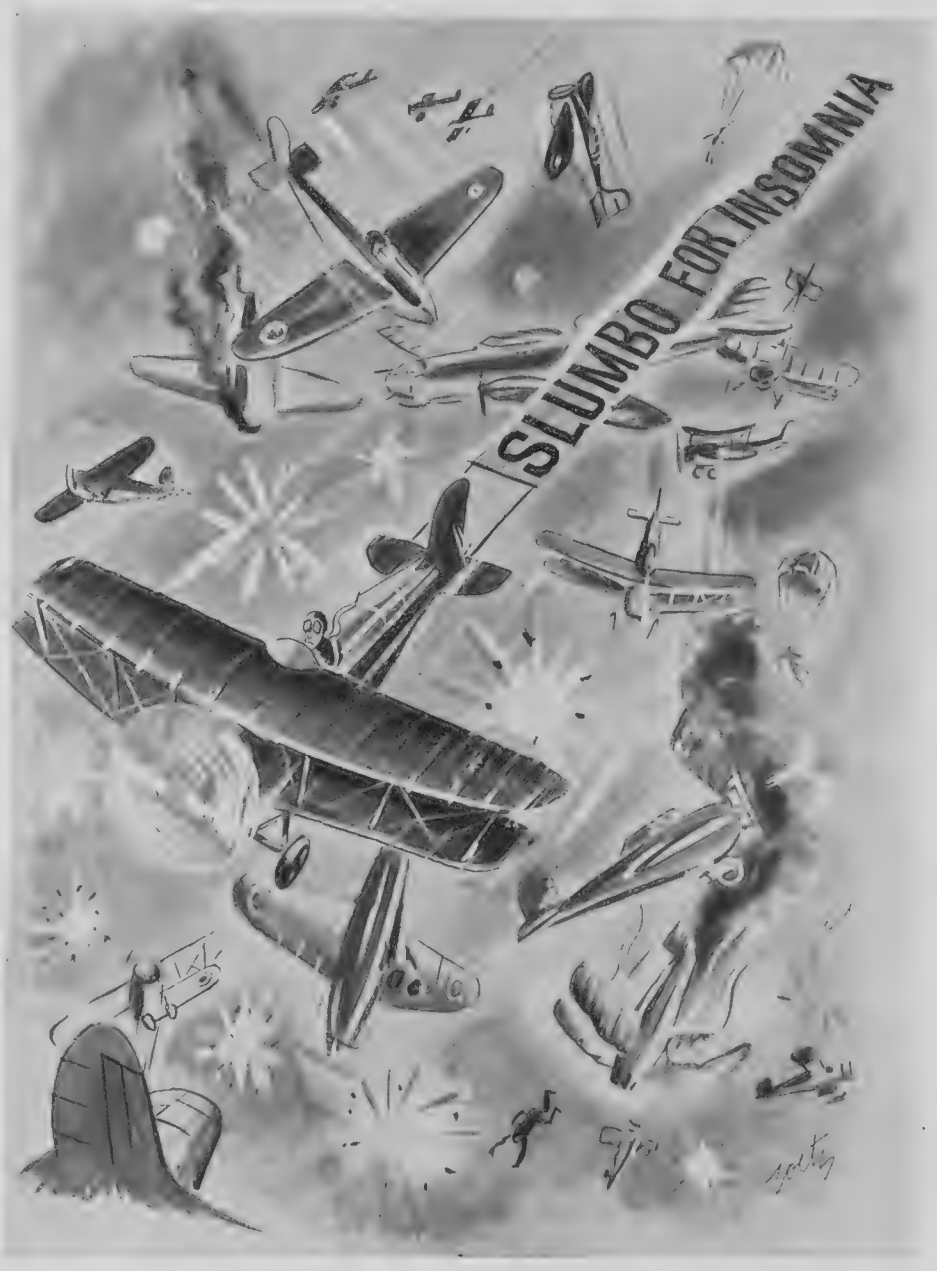
The flash gambling joints are not likely to do much harm to the troops on leave, who can't afford them, and since they are most likely to attract and clean out people who are doing well out of the war there may even be some sort of moral defence for them, who knows? The agony of a profiteer who has just been rooked of a few hundreds by another branch of the industry must be far from unpleasing. Unfortunately, judging by the sinister pans of one or two profiteers of the 1914-18 vintage, we should say it 's the honest sharpers who are most liable to take a toss. This may even mean ultimately that the wrong people will be getting into the Peerage, a nice thing to happen, indeed.

Frolic

BUREAUCRACY'S best effort so far reported seems still to be the Harrogate affair. A locust-swarm of Government officials descended on the Majestic Hotel, Harrogate, last September, cleared out everybody and everything, and spent £20,000 on refitting as a Government department. After leaving the manager in sole occupation of its 250 rooms for three months, the bureaucrats have now given the place back to its owners, whose losses are heavy, not to speak of the taxpayers'. If the bureaucrats would state frankly which side they 're on it might be easier to understand their gambols, but they take good care not to commit themselves, and in any case, as we 've said before, they 're not human types at all, being completely devoid of love and hate, virtue and vice, emotion and reaction of any kind. However, they seem to have been stirred into some grisly semblance of life at Oxford, where one of the gossip boys recently reported that officialdom is in a state of "open warfare" with the dons over the evacuation muddle. Dons generally settle their private feuds with poison or the knife—there 's a cutler's shop at Oxford full of the latest academic models of dagger and stiletto—but you can't get a bureaucrat that way. Like the late Rasputin, he just gets up and starts again. He 's also impervious to stinging little epigrams, goggling eyes, nasty cracks in Greek, insult direct or oblique, bangs with books and bottles, the conversation of Old Blues, and the beauty of the Academic Female, which has destroyed so many. Unless they' re slowly boring him to death in Common Room—an old Chinese trick, the Death of the Thousand Yawns—we don't know what will happen.

Note: The City Editor of the *Daily Express* calculates that of the £6,000,000 we spend daily on the war, up to now, at least £1,000,000 goes down the drain.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Films of the Day

Our critic here selects his favourite films of last year. Some of them are illustrated on pages 58 and 59

By George Campbell

THERE are no films of the day, except *Gulliver's Travels*. People have been complaining of Max Fleischer's full-length cartoon that it isn't very original—they say it 's too like Disney's *Snow White*. Well, what of it? It 's quite unlike *Gulliver's Travels*. Gulliver's adventures were too involved for a film, anyway, and most of the satire has lost its point, unless you happen to have an intimate knowledge of the period. Consequently I am not kicking because Mr. Fleischer concentrates on a single side of Lilliput—the war. Swift, you remember, set them fighting over the question whether an egg should be cut at the big end or the little. In the film they fall out over the song to be sung at the wedding intended to unite the two kingdoms. One king wants "Forever"; the other, roaring like a dictator, demands "Faithful." The upshot is war—ended only when Gulliver captures the invading fleet single-handed and suggests a happy compromise—the blending of the national anthems as "Forever Faithful."

So far, so reasonably good. What isn't so good is the commonplaceness of much of the drawing. Though many an incident has been borrowed, there is none of the fantasy and poetry that made the fawns and rabbits in *Snow White* so enchanting, and the attempt to portray human beings—Gulliver and the Prince and Princess—is even less happy than Mr. Disney's.

Where Mr. Fleischer has succeeded is in the character—as distinct from the drawing—of Gulliver. The giant is kindly and likable, looking down with a smiling "My! My!" on the Lilliputians' fierce posturings and battles where he might have been merely supercilious. And it is only fair to add that some of the farcical incidents and characterisation are really funny. Altogether, *Gulliver* has considerably more slapstick than *Snow White*, and for that very reason I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that a lot of people like it better.

THIS is the season when every critic worthy of the name feels called upon to produce the Year's Ten Best. You wouldn't want me to lose caste, so here goes. But, first of all, what are we to understand by best? The best acted? But many a superb cast is wasted on a trivial, insincere story. The most original? By this test, 1939 gave us few films so good as Sacha Guitry's *Remontons les Champs Elysées*, which is just a witty charade plus Guitry. The most important by reason of its content? Then *Nazi Spy* and *Professor Mamlock* would come near the top of the list. Or should we critics accept the popular verdict, and regard ourselves as just box-office barometers? This is precisely what many American critics do. One lady once indignantly protested to me about our egotism in venturing on personal views at all. She just stood around in the foyer afterwards and heard what the audience said. For myself, when it comes to accepting a standard by which Edgar Wallace was a greater novelist than Fielding, I can only say with Mr. Goldwyn, "Boys, include me out!"

NO two critics, I see, quite agree on the best ten films of the year. That is only natural, for 1939 will be remembered by film fans as 1921 and 1926 are remembered by wine-lovers, as a vintage year. France alone sent us at least ten films, ranging from good to brilliant. *La Bête Humaine, Gens du Voyage, Quai des Brumes, Hostages, La Femme du Boulanger, Retour à l'Aube, Remontons les Champs Elysées*—in such productions as these, the French producer and director showed a maturity of mind, and a confidence in the public, rarely to be found in this country or America. On the whole, despite a few disappointments, like Fernandel's *Ignace* and the Fernandel-Raimu *Rois du Sport*, 1939 was France's year.

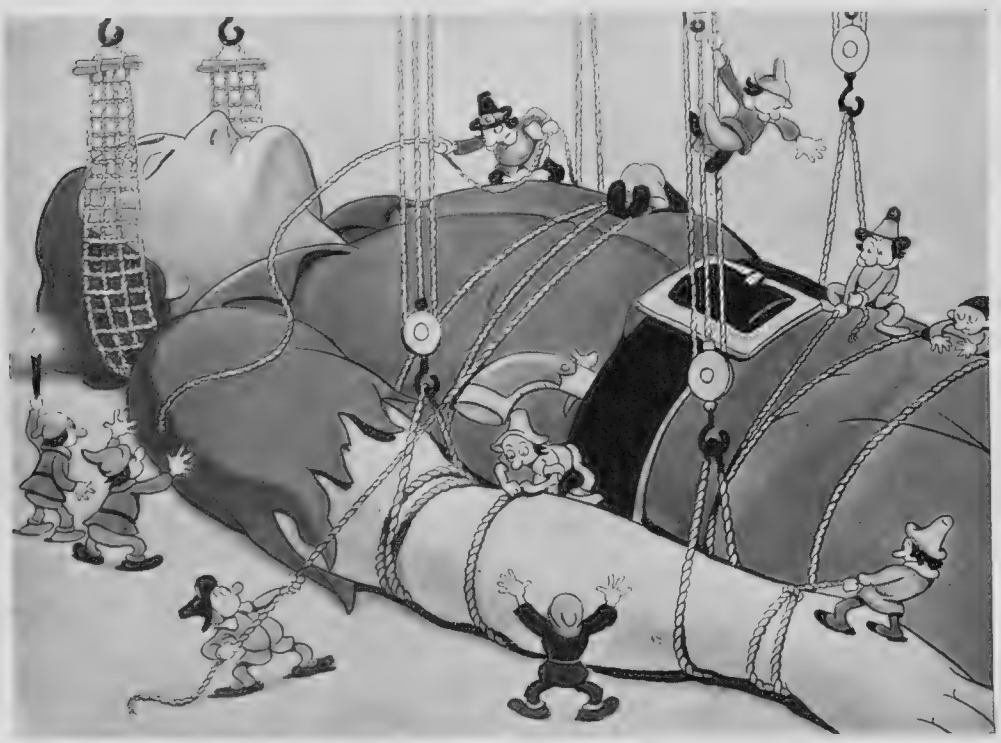
At the same time, several English producers showed a new courage; and as for Hollywood, I never remember so many attempts—not always successful, but how encouraging that they should be made at all!—at drama of a sincerer and more thoughtful kind. Slashing melodramas like *Angels with Dirty Faces* (Cagney), *Only Angels Have Wings* and *Dawn Patrol;* polished comedies like *Love Affair, Bachelor Mother* and Tay Garnett's brilliant *Eternally Yours*; farces like the Marx Brothers' *At the Circus*—these things we have had, too rarely of course, for years. *The Modern Miracle* (the story of Alexander Graham Bell and the invention of the telephone), *Juarez* (the tragedy of Maximilian of Mexico and his Carlotta)—these, too, were in the *Pasteur* and *Zola* tradition.

WHERE 1939 broke new ground was in the production of modest, stimulating little pictures, made on a Grade B budget with Grade A brains. Perhaps the finest example from America was *A Man to Remember*. A small-town doctor dies, his executors go through his papers, and gradually, casting back, we see the man's whole touching life of service against a background as solid as the street you live in. The producer couldn't afford a star, but in the end it hardly mattered. On the day he showed the film, a new star was made—seventy-year-old Edward Ellis. *Young Mr. Lincoln* was another fine film cheaply made, as were *The Ware Case, The Night of the Fire* and *They Drive by Night*, from British studios.

But the Best Ten? Well, here 's my list—

Stagecoach, Dawn Patrol, Only Angels Have Wings, Young Mr. Lincoln, A Man to Remember, Quai des Brumes, La Bête Humaine, Hostages, Angels with Dirty Faces, At the Circus.

And if you don't like it, I have ten more just as good.



***"Gulliver's Travels"** is the first serious challenge to the Disney supremacy in the field of animated cartoons; and it is more interesting to regard it as such than as a serious interpretation of Swift. Max Fleischer was in charge of production, the film went to the Carlton for New Year, is reviewed here*

***Once upon a time** there were three brothers, Richard, Allen and John Lane, nephews of a successful publisher and apprenticed in his house of business. They thought they could produce a good book for less than the price of a pint of beer, so the old firm wished them well and sent them off on their own. After four years they were prospering greatly (though not yet as rich or fat as brewers)*

The "Bystander" visits

A Book Factory

The home of the Penguins, the 6d. books that are revolutionising the book trade; and the originators of the undertaking

***Their factory**, newly built, is a landmark on the Bath Road*

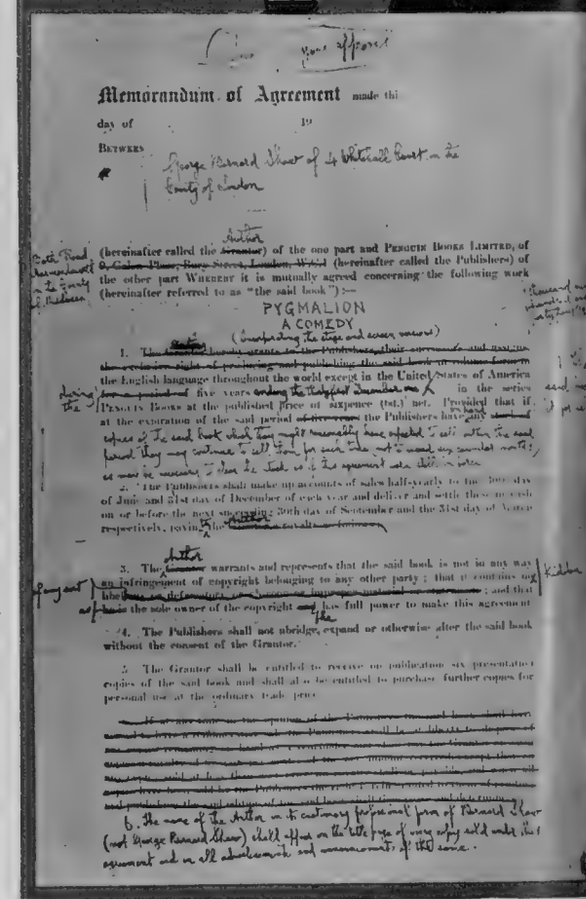
***Their books** are dispatched to London at the rate of seven tons daily*

The Lane brothers at the top of this page have done to the book trade what Moses Levy did to the newspaper industry when he produced the first penny paper, the *Daily Telegraph*: they have brought within everybody's reach what before was only to be had by the well-off or at second-hand. (Another result from increased Press circulation was to attract advertisers who first enriched then subjugated journalism: a fate we hope the book trade will escape.) Penguins have also done something else: upset the whole scale of values in the publishing world. Two full-length books can now be bought for the price of this journal, for instance: and fifteen for the formerly accepted standard price of a novel by a well-known author. In July, 1935, the first ten Penguin titles were published by the young Lanes, then working in the firm founded by their uncle, John Lane, the Bodley Head. Ten more followed in the autumn and after these ballons d'essai had been swallowed whole by the public, the three brothers left the old firm and started Penguin Books, Ltd., with a capital of £100 and headquarters in the crypt of a West End church. This didn't hold them long, so they set up press and offices in their own factory on the Great West Road near Harmondsworth. The pictures on this and the next two pages were taken there

Allen Lane is eldest of the three brothers, managing director and editorial chief of Penguin Books. Starting his policy with reprints, he took in 1938 the bold step of commissioning a new and topical work, "Blackmail or War," by Geneviève Tabouis; 250,000 copies were sold in the first month of publication, and Penguin Specials, a unique contribution to journalism, were launched. Wells, Harold Nicolson, D. N. Pritt, Wickham Steed are among the authors who have written new Specials to date

Penguin Books
(continued)

***Low-minded,** the production department reckons Blimp to the black-out. This arises from their work on David Low's "History of Europe Since Versailles," the cartoonist's own selection of his hundred best, due this month*



Memorandum of Agreement made thi

day of 19

BETWEEN

George Bernard Shaw of 4 Whitehall Court in the County of London

(hereinafter called the Author) of the one part and PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED, of 9, Galen Place, Bury Street, London, W.C.1 (hereinafter called the Publishers) of the other part WHEREBY it is mutually agreed concerning the following work (hereinafter referred to as "the said book"):—

PYGMALION
A COMEDY
(Interpreting the stage and screen versions)

1. [illegible] the English language throughout the world except in the United States of America [illegible] five years [illegible] in the series PENGUIN BOOKS at the published price of sixpence (6d.) net. Provided that if at the expiration of the said period [illegible] the Publishers have [illegible] copies of the said book which they might reasonably have expected to sell [illegible]

2. The Publishers shall make up accounts of sales half-yearly to the 30th day of June and 31st day of December of each year and deliver and settle these in cash on or before the next succeeding 30th day of September and the 31st day of March respectively, paying the [illegible]

3. The Author warrants and represents that the said book is not in any way an infringement of copyright belonging to any other party; that it contains no libel [illegible]; and that [illegible] the sole owner of the copyright [illegible] has full power to make this agreement

4. The Publishers shall not abridge, expand or otherwise alter the said book without the consent of the Grantor.

5. The Grantor shall be entitled to receive on publication six presentation copies of the said book and shall also be entitled to purchase further copies for personal use at the ordinary trade price

6. The name of the Author in its customary professional form of Bernard Shaw (not George Bernard Shaw) shall appear on the title page of every copy sold under this agreement and in all advertisements and announcements of the same.

***"Draft for your approval"** is Shaw's heading to his own amendments to the usual form of Penguin contract for his "Pygmalion": the newest Penguin triumph, Shaw at 6d., is due in March. A sister series, Pelicans, covers specialised subjects*

***This assortment** was being prepared for the Lord Mayor's Fund consignment of books for the B.E.F.: we notice prominent amongst them Harold Nicolson's "Why Britain is at War," a treatise covered in the "Bystander" war aims survey (Dec. 13), and an appropriate present for the serious-minded modern soldier*

***This display** at a W. H. Smith shop is a normal feature of most go-ahead bookstalls to-day. Among the Penguins can be seen their imitators, other tribes of sixpennies, mostly love or crime stuff*

Richard Lane, *second of the three brothers, controls finance. Here he puzzles over the amended contract with Shaw (left), the author having struck out one paragraph entirely and written in his own, most others being heavily corrected. Richard Lane has not increased the firm's original capital of £100, though Penguins now flourish to the extent of 100,000 deliveries a week to the New York office alone*

John Lane, *the youngest brother, is in charge of distribution of Penguins. The first print order for any book is at least 50,000, often 100,000; and of total sales, a half is export. Rise in paper prices won't hit Penguins: they hold five million books in stock*

The brothers are bachelors. *They live together in an Edwardian house they have bought on the banks of the Colne about three miles from their offices. Richard (see above) shares a hobby with the Prime Minister, indulges it in Scotland when he can spare the time, but can keep his hand in on the front lawn if he wants*

Sailing *is the hobby of John and Allen. They indulge it on Beaulieu River, where they keep the cutter whose model stands on the mantelpiece*

United Artists

Pictures in the Great Show at Burlington House

Portraits of Young Men, by Augustus John and Henry Lamb

"A Canadian Soldier," Augustus John's vital, moving portrait, is one of the comparatively few exhibits with a wartime reference. It is his first picture to hang at Burlington House since he resigned from the Royal Academy in 1938

"Portrait of a Painter" is by Henry Lamb, who was a doctor before he became a painter. His wife is the Earl of Longford's eldest sister

Caledonian Market, by Harry Morley, A.R.A.

Harry Morley's picture has the detail and exactitude of an artist who was formerly an architect

The wartime need to concentrate on self-preservation and the spiritual and material essentials of life has had an unexpectedly stimulating effect on some aspects of art. One of the most impressive results of this can now be seen at Burlington House, where for the first time a complete survey can be made of contemporary British art. Under the auspices of the Royal Academy, and at the instigation of its President, Sir Edwin Lutyens, members of every important art society and many independent artists as well are holding a joint exhibition of nearly 2000 pictures, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Royal Academicians, surrealists, members of the London Group, rebels and pillars of orthodoxy have at last been "hung" side by side

Victorian Theme—Surrealist Story

Orphans, by Ernest C. Hayes, R.A.A.

Icarus, by John Armstrong

Before this Exhibition opened, articles and letters in the papers paved its way by discussing "representational" and "modern" art, Mr. A. J. Munnings in particular inveighing against pictures that need explaining, praising those that tell their own story. The two paintings above suggest themselves as examples. Mr. Hayes's picture certainly tells its own story, even the falling leaves are there to emphasise its pathos. On the other hand, Mr. Armstrong's makes stern demands on the imagination of those who search for a story, but offers directly the utmost pleasure in the beauty of his design, colouring and atmosphere

The Thames, Chiswick, by Carel Weight, R.B.A.

Modern Landscape

The Beggar's Bridge, Glaisdale, by Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A.

The Dancer, by John A. M. Hay, R.P.

The Maidens, by Bernard Fleetwood-Walker, R.O.I.

Here is another pair of pictures to please or annoy two schools of art-followers. Mr. Fleetwood-Walker's gentle, shapely maidens in their cool bower are a becoming exhibit for one who styles himself a "portrait and figure painter," and who is a regular Academy exhibitor. They seem to shrink in horror from the violent pulsing life of Mr. Roberts' sunbathers, who take their crude comprehensible pleasure in beer and noisy music and the close proximity of each other

Sunbathers, by William Roberts of the London Group

Contrast in Nudes

Three Weddings

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward and Mr. Anthony Pelissier

A social-stage wedding was that of Anthony Pelissier, Royal Engineers, and Penelope Dudley Ward at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road. He is the son of the late H. G. Pelissier, and Miss Fay Compton. She is the elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward, P.C., and the Marquesa de Casa Maury: she made her film and stage debut in 1935 when she was twenty-one. Her uncle, Charles Birkin, gave her away. Best man to the bridegroom was John Mills, who is also a Sapper and whose sister's portrait appears on the opposite page

Captain M. G. D. Clive and Lady Mary Pakenham

Major Vere Nicoll and Miss Joan Madden

Major Henry Morison Vere Nicoll, Royal Artillery, and Joan Madden were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. C. Vere Nicoll, of Temple Pool, Dockenfield, Surrey. She is the second daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Bt., and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex. Her sailor brother, Lieut.-Com. Sir Charles Madden, gave her away. Her sister Elizabeth married her husband's brother, Raymond Nicoll, last year

Captain Meysey George Dallas Clive, Grenadier Guards, of Whitfield, Herefordshire, and Lady Mary Pakenham, second of the four sisters of the Earl of Longford, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and went to Herefordshire for their honeymoon. He is the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel P. A. Clive, who was killed in action in 1918. Lady Mary Pakenham was given away by her brother-in-law, Henry Lamb, the artist. *(A picture by him is reproduced on p. 48)*

" Boomps-a-Daisy " Hat

Annette Mills, creator of " Boomps-a-Daisy " first and " Adolf " second, takes her song-writing seriously. She claims it is a craft needing " years of experience, knowledge of psychology, love of human nature, shrewd judgment of the market of the moment." She likes to do it in comfort, composing often in bed in her elegant Hampstead home. Her career to date goes like this: village organist, nursery governess, music teacher, exhibition dancer, assistant metallurgist, underwear mannequin, cabarettist. She is the sister of the actor John Mills. And this picture, for which she lighted the candles on the mantel, and put on a striped house-coat, shows her as costume designer, trying on a hat she has created specially " to go with " the song which made her name

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, I didn't like to take 'im off this job, sir, 'cos 'e seems to 'ave 'is 'eart in it"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Cold Comfort Highbury

By V. S. Pritchett

Miss Stella Gibbons and Miss Ruth Feiner are a skilful and comforting pair of romantic novelists. Have a nice warm bath, they seem to say, and you 'll feel better in the morning. Local girl makes good and pathos and heartbreak give the proper wistful blur to a success story which would be intolerable without them. And these two writers are very honest. They frankly start with improbable ideas. They don't expect you to believe them. Miss Stella Gibbons is the better writer. She is, indeed, a clever writer sitting amid a soothing, if rather dreadful sunset of laughter and tears, done in very runny water-colour. In *My American* (Longmans; 8*s.* 6*d.*) you sigh and accept the fact that, when little Amy Lee, aged nine, goes all alone to Ken Wood one afternoon to see the pictures, and borrows a shilling off a little American boy there, she is bound to meet him in America ten or fifteen years later. You know he will say "My dream girl," etc., etc. Miss Gibbons' real gift is elsewhere. It is an eye for the seamier side of lower-middle-class gentility. Amy's father is pleasantly degenerate. The son of a don, he cannot live up to the plain living and high thinking of his parents, and chooses the downward path. He is a failure without charm. Dog-racing and drink, interrupted less and less by his job as a salesman, are his life. He has that nostalgie de la boue which crops up in many well-ordered families. His passion is for the company of what he calls "filthy fellows." He can't resist "the boys." A motor-smash disposes of him, and the neglected Amy is left to be brought up by a baker's family who are shockingly well observed. They run like a number of big-hearted lawn-mowers over Amy's sensibilities—she writes in secret—and then Amy grows up, becomes an office-girl in Fleet Street, and at last a best-selling author for the young. This success is expected. You saw it coming with the cheerful inevitability of the lowing herd going slowly o'er the lea. And actually, of course, it is quite credible. Amy had a wistfulness which was an obviously sound investment.

While Amy is working her way up to the literary cocktail-parties and is about to be shipped off to America as a successful author, the American boy is growing up too. We exchange Cold Comfort Highbury for the wider seaminess of the Coolidge prosperity period. Bob's is the bootleg generation, and Miss Gibbons is an acute observer of it. She is very good at talk. The racketeers were secretly admired by adolescent American parents, who smiled indulgently at their children as they went off to get tight and to their necking-parties. Miss Gibbons has caught the tender, "my-old-Dutch" atmosphere of American domestic misdemeanour; and when little Francey at the garage—so interestingly degenerate about the mouth—degenerates to the extent of tossing-off a bottle of Scotch while brother Dan swots away at the careers of Capone and Napoleon, I nearly burst into tears, and got out my Mary Webb.

"Where IS the Ark Royal?"

"Bratish people, ask your Government—WHERE IS THE ARK ROYAL?"—this is Haw-Haw on any night of the week, according to "A Complete Biography of Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen," by Jonah Barrington and Fenwick (Hutchinson; 5s.). This book was sold out in its first week of publication, and is to be the occasion of a Foyles' Literary Luncheon during January

"Yesterday's Dreams," by Ruth Feiner (Dakers; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a romance with some points of similarity. This time it is the local boy who makes good—indeed, three generations of local boys. The scene is Germany. Pirelli, the strolling player, and von Rautten, the Prussian landowner, both demand the village doctor's immediate attention for their wives. The landowner wins, but that night two children are born, in widely different circumstances, whose fortunes are to be linked later on. The Pirellis rise to success on the stage and in society, but thereby compromise their artistic consciences; the von Rauttens go downhill socially, but it does them a lot of good, as human beings, to get away from their traditions. Wilhelm von Rautten is very nearly another version of Tim Lee. Miss Feiner is efficient, but she has nothing new to say (as Miss Stella Gibbons, within her limits, had) about now very familiar types. I must say that neither of these ladies is sentimental about the artistic temperament, and Miss Feiner knows her Berlin stage.

I suppose everyone has read that little Victorian classic, *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford—by which I mean it is a safe bet that hardly anyone reads it now. The lady who wrote it was that very specially English thing, the English spinster. Why, after coal and iron, are spinsters one of our more notorious exports? They appear, of course, as a direct result of our periodical colonial wars, and have always been celebrated for an embattled patriotism. Miss Mitford, however, was, like Elizabeth Barrett, the victim of a Victorian papa. Unlike Miss Barrett, she adored her father. Dr. Mitford was one of those handsome eupeptic egoists who know they are irresistible, and who, ever with an eye for the main chance, bounce and charm their way through life, running through other people's fortunes, bland and disastrous to the end. His daughter's intelligence enchanted him. He raced her round with him on his expeditions, and she confirmed his belief in her by once drawing the winning ticket in a twenty-thousand-pound lottery, at a time when he was broke. Mansions and gambling were the Doctor's weaknesses. He was a kind of Apollo turned Micawber. Mrs. Esther Meynell, who has made a sound place for herself as a writer of biographical novels—her novels about the German musicians are exquisite—has done a quiet, delightful, amusing book about this impossible father and his devoted daughter. *English Spinster* (Chapman and Hall; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is worth reading.

The future of Austria and the Danube is one of the crucial problems of this war. It is one of Europe's oldest problems, and has never had a permanent solution. If Austria-Hungary did not exist, Bismarck said, it would have to be invented, but how to find the satisfactory form for the invention is still the question. Mr. John Lehmann's *Down River* (Cresset Press; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is something more than an interesting account of modern attempts. It is also a book of travel written out of strong personal feeling for the country and out of considerable knowledge. It is an enormous relief, after the behind-the-scenes books which were the rage just before the present war started. Mr. John Lehmann is the best type of modern traveller who knows his economics as well as his scenery and his picturesque customs, who reads the papers as well as the guide-books; he makes a particularly good (and very readable) job of the part played by money in the Austrian tragedy. If we are going to build a new Europe, it will be necessary to stop thinking in headlines, and to develop something of the political sensibility which is the merit of this very well-informed book.

"Bystander" Short Story

The Voice of the Sultan

By Max Murray

Illustration by Toby

Just as one man is proud of his wife and another of his medlar-tree, so Alfred Horsborough was proud of his English accent. He was convinced that an educated Englishman spoke English, and that the rest of the English-speaking world muddled along with its various dialects. Fifteen years' residence in the United States had done nothing to change his mind.

The depression changed the status of the Horsboroughs as swiftly and as impersonally as it had done that of thousands of others. Alfred's two hacks were led away to the sale ring. The French maid left, the chauffeur left. The windows from which Alfred had pointed so often across the Hudson, to mystic High Tor, were shuttered. It was not the house Alfred minded giving up, but the view across the ancient quiet of the river meant something in his heart. When he left it and went to an apartment in the Bronx he felt old and tired.

It must not be thought that he was beaten. He told himself that he was not, not by any manner of means. Isobel, his wife, solved her own problem by taking more or less permanently to her bed, slipping without a struggle into the role of faintly-protesting invalid.

They managed to have a coloured girl come in during the day to do the cleaning and look after Isobel. In the evening Alfred did the housework and pretended to Isobel that he had never realised what fun it was. She failed to enter into the spirit of the thing; she definitely refused to let him invite any of their old friends to come and see them She had often told them of his old English family. Now the sight of him pottering about with a cloth around his middle, washing the dishes, brought him down in her eyes, as much as the depression had brought his fortune down.

To cheer her he would sit after he had done the house-work and tell her detail by detail of his day down-town. That his English voice got on her nerves nothing would have convinced him. He was so optimistic, even while the details he gave her were those of defeat.

"You are wrong, Isobel," he said, "when you think that our friends were only interested in us because of our money. To-day I had lunch with Ian Freshweather. He wants us to go down to them for the day on Sunday."

Isobel eased herself into the pillows and answered: "How like them to ask us, knowing perfectly well that we can't possibly go!"

"But," Alfred said, "of course we can go. Why, my sweet, a day in the country is just what you need."

"I might be able to stand the journey if we still had Wilson and the Cadillac—as it is, I don't think it is very nice of you to remind me how helpless I am, Alfred."

"Darling, darling," he knelt beside her, "you know I wouldn't say anything to hurt you." His voice recovered its eager note. "I told him I thought you would not be able to stand the journey, and he said he would send the car; absolutely jumped at the idea."

Isobel's upper lip drew back. "So we have come to that?"

He did not understand. "Come to what, dear?"

"Accepting charity."

Alfred rose awkwardly from his knees. "Sometimes I think you blame me for what has happened. I suppose I am to blame, but a lot of other people were floored in the same way. I can't get the idea into my head, dear, that you and I are any worse because we have lost our money. I did not think our friends would think any the less of us. They didn't seem to. Perhaps that is because I was not observant enough."

Isobel's neck was an angry red, showing the veins. "You may be able to live on charity and still think yourself a gentleman I can't." She was remembering how she used to draw attention to his English ways. When her friends would say: "My dear, that voice of your husband's is just too cute!", she felt then that by marrying Albert she had done something quite "different." He was "different" now. She saw herself tied to an alien—a down-and-out Englishman trying to make himself agreeable to her rich countrymen.

"Of course they want to take us out for the day. Why not? It would be such a joke—on me."

Albert went out without replying. She heard him go to the telephone and call the Freshweathers' number

"I'm awfully sorry, Ian," she heard him say. "You'll have to let Isobel and me beg off to-morrow. Isobel hasn't been a bit well. She really is not up to it

"No, I'm afraid not, Ian. However much I'd like to come alone, I think I must stay with Isobel. . . . Well, it's not exactly exciting for her here by herself, you know." (Asking for their pity. Oh, he would go and leave her alone all right, if they persuaded him enough. She wondered if she should scream at him to accept their charity.)

Alfred made his way slowly to his own room—Isobel insisted on two bedrooms—and prepared for bed. He had been looking forward to to-morrow more than he had realised; to the drive through the country, to the easy Sunday in the big house, the walk round the stables, the horsy talk, the smells, the white yard fences, and the green beyond. He went unhappily to bed. Perhaps Isobel was right: it did look like sponging on the Freshweathers.

Alfred's step was not so confident next Monday as he made his way down-town. He should have drawn fresh courage from his home but he had lost some. He told himself persistently—perhaps a little too persistently—that he was not beaten yet. He called to his aid phrases like "Back to the wall," "A man never knows what he can do till he is up against it." They were good, solid sentiments, and they did him good. To-day he had a proposal for an amalgamation which he was going to put up to a tough old warrior named Templeton.

Templeton saw him, bit deep into his cigar, and said:

"Well, I'll give you exactly two minutes," and then proceeded to gossip with him for three-quarters of an hour about his boy in college, his sweet peas, and the everlasting curse about to be laid on him of having to take his wife to the Continent of Europe. He then said: "Damn it, it's a pleasure to meet a man now and then who doesn't want to sell you something."

Alfred had not put up his proposal, but he came away with an almost guilty knowledge that he had enjoyed himself. He had persuaded the old man to spend a month of his precious time in England.

"By damn," the old man had said, "that voice of yours would persuade a man to go to the office with his pants down!"

Why had he not talked the old man into the amalgamation? Alfred knew that his tongue was not so eloquent where it was serving his own ends.

Al Bergner was one of those men who seemed to know everybody in New York by his Christian name. He was probably the fattest man in Wall Street. Alfred overtook him as he ballooned toward his office. They went on together. Al emitted a series of names as acquaintances passed him. He did not turn his head to look at them,

(Continued on page 56)

"I found him, Chief"

In Uniform and At Leisure

The Auxiliary Territorial Service, the modern counterpart of the W.A.A.C.s of the last war, has by now made its khaki uniform familiar all over the country. For this, as for any tailoring, cut is all important. Experts like Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, understand the many details which make all the difference to the finished uniform. They manage to give it a distinctive line and yet conform exactly to official regulations. Their A.T.S. uniform is shown below, but they also supply the W.R.N.S. and the W.A.A.F. As they have all the accessories as well as the actual uniforms, the whole outfit can be bought here with the least possible delay

As a tonic, as a means of relaxation, perfume now seems more necessary than ever. To achieve that faint, haunting fragrance, never over-emphasised, it is essential that the same scent should run through the whole range of preparations. Coty have now a complete series of products in their "L'Aimant" perfume, gaily presented in red and gold. The girl above is about to open the box containing their perfumed cloth (22/6), for her lingerie drawer; there are perfumed coat-hangers, too, for the wardrobe. Beside her is "L'Aimant" perfume (from 5/-), the "Sports and Voyage" flacon of L'Aimant-scented Cologne, and the hand lotion and foundation cream (2/6 each), also in this fragrance. There is powder, too, in the famous Coty box (2/3), and scented sachets, useful for travellers

Badge brooches are rapidly becoming the most popular form of modern jewellery, which is hardly surprising when they are as beautifully worked as those above from Charles Packer, 76, Regent Street. The two on the left-hand side, the R.A.S.C. above and "The Buffs" below, are in gold, and cost 50/- each. The brooches can, however, be diamond-set, like the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery badges on the right. A photograph hardly does justice to the intricate details of the working; even the wheel on the R.A. badge turns round. Badges for all Corps and most regiments are ready, and any others can be made, including, of course, those of the Navy and R.A.F. Cigarette-cases and flapjacks can also be fitted with badges

The Voice of the Sultan

(Continued from page 54)

because that would have been a physical impossibility. He simply wheezed their names as he passed : " Jake—Dicky—Tony—Jim—Hep—Cap—Herman."

At the door of his building he put a fat arm through Alfred's and wheezed : " Come up and sit — I 'm worn to a shadow."

It was no surprise to Alfred that a Wall Street broker should have time to talk. Alfred had seen them tearing through their lunch, eating standing up with their hats on, shouting between gulps that they were up to the eyeballs in it and then racing back—to put their feet up on their desks to have a nice quiet nap. Their everlasting public bustle was all part of what their detractors called their " ballyhoo," but Alfred thought of it as their tradition.

Al liked to listen to Alfred talk. He sat with his feet up on his desk and when his telephone rang he asked Alfred to hand it to him " like a good boy." Between calls he sat with his eyes half-closed and his hands folded over his stomach.

" You know, Alfred," he said reflectively, " that 's a nice voice you got there. It 's uncommon, see, with a funny twang. I wonder you don't make some dough out of it—broadcast or something."

The voice in question rose on a note of hope : " Do you think I could ? You know how I am up against it. I would do almost anything."

" Sure, I know how it is. Give me that telephone like a good boy."

Al gave a number to his secretary and breathed heavily as he waited with his eyes closed.

" Is this Rory ? This is Al, Rory. I got a boy here with a voice like an angel. I want you to talk to him. Croon ? Listen ! Do you think I 'd be sitting here talking with a crooner ? He don't croon, my boy, he talks. . . . Yep, I 'll tell him to go right along. So long, Rory."

As Alfred made his way up-town to the broadcaster's offices he thought how nice people were. Most likely Isobel would put this action of Al's down to charity if he told her. But if ordinary kindliness was charity, then all of us were accepting charity all our lives.

Rory McAlpine was the most restless man Alfred had ever seen. He moved about his office like a little squirrel. He gave a sharp glance through his rimless spectacles, as if he wondered what sort of nut Alfred would turn out to be.

" Sit down, Mr. Horsborough. Glad to know any friend of Al's. That man has done me more good turns than I thought I could use in a lifetime. Ever broadcast ? "

Alfred sat uncomfortably upright in his chair, hat gripped in hands that were crossed over his walking-stick.

" I am afraid not," he said, and felt that his voice was singularly unimpressive.

Rory's hands darted through the papers on his desk. " We can always use a good announcer. It 's easy, but there is a knack in it." He scooped up a paper from a lower drawer. " Here 's the sort of thing. Now get over there by that mike and just picture to yourself a hundred million mothers and kiddies and wives and sweethearts clustering round their radios waiting for you to take them into your confidence. And don't forget that you 've got to make them like it, sir."

Alfred placed his hat and stick on the chair. He took the paper and marched to the microphone. He had to admit that he felt rather a silly ass. He cleared his throat and looked at the script. Rory, he noted in a dim sort of way, was talking into a telephone.

Alfred read :

" And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the apex, the sparkle in our champagne, the cherry in the cocktail ; the sweet, the alluring, the Broadway idol—Miss Betsy Wise. When Miss Betsy sings to you, you are going to forget your cares and sorrows. You are going to realise why she has the Great White Way at her dainty feet—and here she is ! But wait ! Before she begins, she wants me to tell you where she gets that verve, that vitality, from. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, she gets them both from Tootsie Wootsie Toast Tubes, that dynamic slimming energy in the cute blue box. Tootsie Wootsie Toast Tubes ! Miss Betsy Wise is just another Wise girl who knows that it is wise to look for the cute blue box ! Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Betsy Wise ! "

Not even Miss Betsy Wise herself could have awakened much enthusiasm after Alfred's performance. He read the announcement as if it had been a leader from the London *Times*. Alfred knew that it was a hundred per cent. flop.

Rory McAlpine for once in his life sat still. For once he was at a loss. Not only was it the worst attempt at enthusiastic approach he had ever heard : it was at the same time so terribly dignified.

Alfred stood awkwardly by the microphone. Rory thrust his papers here and there, trying to think of something adequate to say.

" That," he said finally, " was a classic. There was something about it that makes it tower below the worst tests I have ever heard, like a Colossus. It is a pity in a way, because I like telling people they are the worst I have ever heard. From now on I would simply be making a liar of myself."

Alfred quite understood. " I was afraid you were not going to like it," he said. " It is the sort of announcement that could only be made well by an American."

" And yet," Rory banged his spectacles down on his nose, " damned if I didn't like listening to you talk. It was soothing, that 's what it was—soothing—but who in the hell wants to be soothed ? We are here to sell them something, not to soothe them ! "

" Well ? " In his irritation Rory yapped at a young man who plunged through the door.

" I found him, Chief."

" Well, that 's not a tragedy. That 's good news."

The young man paused impressively. " No, it isn't. It 's bad. You talk about drunken sailors, drunken soldiers, drunken policemen. I tell you, you have never seen anything that was not cold sober till you have seen a drunken Sultan ! "

" You mean he is drunk now ? "

" He is drunk now, and he will be drunk still at this time to-morrow. He got drunk in the midst of trying to set himself up with a harem. There are places on Broadway that you know, and I know, where a drunk is just a matter of course, and yet these places are ringing with tales of him."

Rory dashed round in a circle that hemmed in both Alfred and the young man.

" You have got to get him sober in time to go on the air to-night ! " he shouted. " Otherwise you are fired ! "

The young man sighed : " Okay, Chief, I 'm fired. I know when I am licked. I can't get him sober, because he has no intention of getting sober."

As Alfred listened there was an absent look in his eyes. " That sounds uncommonly like the Sultan of Kandadar," he said.

" It is him." Hope kindled in Rory's eyes. " You know him ? "

" I would hardly go so far as to say I know him. I once helped to chastise him."

" If you do that again this studio is yours."

" Well, you see, that time we took a battalion of soldiers with us and two field-guns."

Rory sighed. " I thought there would be a catch in it."

" As a matter of fact, he and I went to the same school."

Rory wheeled on the young man. " Is his speech written ? "

" His secretary was working on it this morning, Chief, but since then I guess he has been putting in most of his time trying to shadow the old flesh-and-blood."

" Well, get on to him and tell him he has got to get that speech along here in time for the broadcast—Sultan or no Sultan. Tell him that if he doesn't show up I 'll come down personally and cut his heart out."

The young man went out and Rory mopped his brow.

" Sometimes," he said, " you don't recognise manna from heaven when it is held under your nose. Take you, for instance."

Alfred could see no connection.

" The fellow lets us down, and here, sitting in my very office, is a man who went to the same school. That, to my way of thinking, is manna from heaven You will read his speech."

THAT night at seven-fifteen Alfred sat before the microphone. The typescript of the speech danced before his eyes. He half-heard the announcer beside him :

" To-night we continue our series ' The Voice of the Rulers.' Over this wave-length you have already listened to one ruling monarch, two ex-Kings and two former dictators, all in this single series, sponsored by the Philadelphia Clock Corporation. Our guest to-night is the former Sultan of Kandadar, exile from a country of gold and richly bedecked elephants, of tigers and veiled women, of jungle and temple bells ; from the land, in short, of Kipling. From here he was removed by a force stronger than his own, by the might of the British Empire, ruler of a quarter of the globe. He showed defiance and he lost.

" Unfortunately, to-night the Sultan is indisposed. But we have the Sultan's speech, written by himself, and we have with us his old school-fellow and friend, Captain Alfred Horsborough, who has stepped into the breach and will read the speech. Captain Horsborough, in the ' Voice of the Rulers ' series, sponsored by the Philadelphia Clock Corporation."

It is doubtful if during the first few minutes Alfred realised what he was reading. Then as his nervousness passed he realised that he was making the bitterest attack on his own country he had ever read. His voice faltered. Listeners thought the falter was to give point to the horror of the accusations. Alfred read words which accused his own regiment of butchery. Women and children, he read aloud, were brought from their homes and shot in the streets. men were tortured and left to die in the sun. Villages were burned and cattle driven off. What horrified him most was the sound of his own voice.

Even as he read Alfred was remembering that day when his Britannic Majesty washed his hands of his Highness the Sultan of Kandadar. The battalion pitched camp on the hill beyond the city. The heat came up in waves, the children sat in the dust and fixed their unblinking black eyes on the sentries. A one-armed monkey searched its mate for fleas, looking more human because of its disability. They sent a messenger to notify the Sultan that his escort had arrived. The guard of honour would present itself for his inspection in the morning. Next morning, boots and buttons shining, the guard marched to the palace. Alfred knew that it was really a prisoner's escort. The Sultan knew it as well, but they carried out the pretence. His Highness slowly inspected the guard. Alfred, lean and brown in those days, walked stiffly behind him, gleaming sword clear of its scabbard.

(Concluded on page 62)

Pantomime in Wiltshire

It was like a good old Christmas when the county performed in the village hall while the snow lay round about

"Heil, Cinderella!" was the title, Cecil Beaton and John Sutro were the authors, the Michael Herbert Hall, Wilton, was the theatre, and the local big house, Lord Pembroke's Wilton House, was the casting office and Green Room for the pantomime given by Wiltshire nobility and gentry to aid the B.E.F. comforts fund. Performances were January 1st, 2nd and 3rd. These rehearsal pictures show (1) Cecil Beaton and Olga Lynn as the Ugly Sisters; (2) Lady Pembroke and Betty Street as the Queen and the Page; (3) Stella Marius Goring as Prince Dandini; (4) Mrs. Pat Sargeaunt as Cinderella, Mr. David Herbert as Buttons; (5) the chorus, including Poppet and Vivien John (Augustus's daughters), Mrs. Jebb, Mrs. Harrow, Mrs. Joseph Mandain; and (6) Edith Olivier as the witch, Pamela Gibson as the Fairy Godmother

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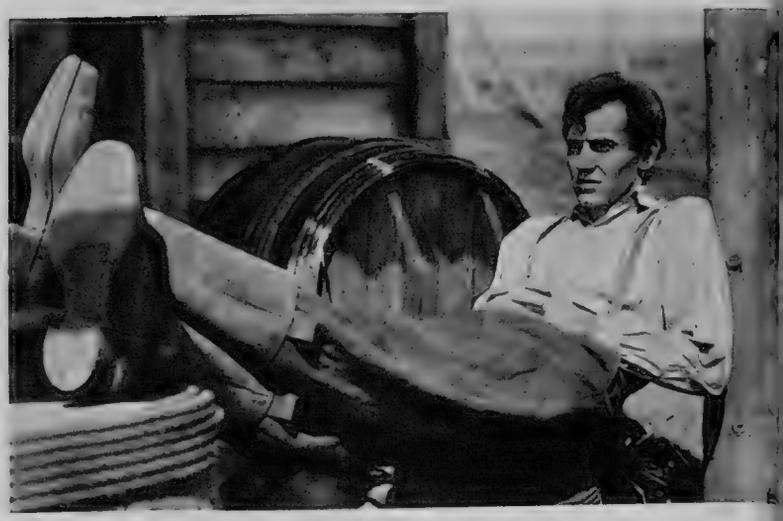
Critic's Corner

The Ten Best Films of 1939

On the film page (44) our reviewer chooses half-a-score of pictures which impressed him as the best of 1939, "a vintage year." They are illustrated in this retrospective review

"Hostages" *("Les Otages"), a French film of how war came to the village of Cherz-sur-Marne, takes on a poignancy now that the east of France once more lives under the thrall of the deadlocked armies on the frontier. The Montagu-Capulet theme of the film is here illustrated by the fathers who hate (Charpin, Larquey), the children who love (Annie Vernay, Pierre Paqui)*



"Young Mr. Lincoln" *was a new type of film from America: we were getting used to spectacular chunks of that country's history when along came this almost unknown incident from the early days of Abe Lincoln; the young lawyer being excellently played by Henry Fonda. Darryl Zanuck directed for Twentieth Century - Fox*

"A Man to Remember" *made a star of Edward Ellis at seventy and jumped his opposite to fame too, Anne Shirley. The film was a modest but excellent portrayal of an ordinary man's life of service. An R.K.O. Radio film*

"Stagecoach"; *this still is something of a rarity, showing all actors and their setting together. The Walter Wanger - John Ford film told the story of what happened to a coach-load travelling from Tonto to Lordsburg early this century—and plenty did. The players are John Carradine, Andy Devine, George Bancroft, Louise Platt, Donald Meek, Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Burton Churchill*

"Quai des Brumes" *was a sombre study in frustration by Jean Gabin and Michèle Morgan. It shared setting (Le Havre) with Gabin's other film, "La Bête Humaine" (far right)*

"*Only Angels Have Wings*" *came on with a burst of other angel pictures—"Angels With Dirty Faces," "Angels Wash Their Faces." It told the story of a gang of American flyers running a commercial air line in a banana port in South America, starred good-flying, Cary Grant and Jean Arthur (here), Richard Barthelmess. A Columbia picture*

"*The Dawn Patrol*" *is another film that has taken on poignancy since war broke out, for it told not only of the heroism of the R.F.C., but of the waste of young lives and the effect on the whole squadron of living with death. Herewith David Niven, Errol Flynn, Donald Crisp; Basil Rathbone was the fourth leading player. A Warner picture*

"*Angels With Dirty Faces*" *was one of the several Dead End Kids' films of the year: following the excellent formula of giving a rich taste of crime and underworld, yet vindicating youth and morality, this First National picture starred, as well as the Kids, Pat O'Brien and James Cagney (here), Humphrey Bogart*

"*At the Circus*" *follows up "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera," stars the Marx Brothers, is still running in London. Marxian fans found plenty of new gags to delight them, while the brothers' detractors thought them "as silly as ever." An M.-G.-M. film*

"*La Bête Humaine,*" *third French film in this selection of ten, was the year's sombre masterpiece, a study of monomania brilliantly transcribed from Zola's book by Jean Renoir, strongly acted by Simone Simon, Jean Gabin (here) against a background of the Paris-Havre railway. The setting was modern, though Zola wrote his story to end during the Franco-Prussian war*

Harlip

Elizabeth Marion Hollingsworth

Was married on Monday to Gordon H. Dixon, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dixon, of Hodsock Priory, Worksop, Nottinghamshire. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hollingsworth, of Gorsewood, Hook Heath, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Duncan

Is engaged to Robert R. C. Walker, younger son of the late J. C. Walker, and Lady Lacey, of Sutton Veny House, Warminster, Wilts. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Duncan, of Wardes, Otham, Kent. Her fiancé is a well-known racing motorist

Lenare

Miss Elizabeth Hyde and Flight-Lieut. Clouston

Flight-Lieut. Wilfred Greville Clouston, R.A.F., is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clouston, of Wellington, New Zealand. His fiancée, Elizabeth Anne Hyde, is the only daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Richard Hyde, and Mrs. Hyde, of the Manor House, Little Wilbraham, Cambridge

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Burrell & Hardman

Rosemary Eyre

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, of Pine Lodge, Noctorum, Birkenhead. She is engaged to John Corbett, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, son of Major and Mrs. Corbett, of Stableforth, Bridgnorth

Pearl Freeman

Joan Callender

Is to be married in the spring to Frederick St. George Unwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Unwin, of Baythorne Hall, Halstead, Essex. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Callender, of Fleaubaix, Moor Park, Middlesex

Lenare

June Southby

Is engaged to Captain Norman Tailyour, R.N. (att. R.W.A.F.F.), youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. H. F. Tailyour. She is the eldest daughter of Capt. (E.) J. H. P. Southby, R.N., of 2, Perrymead Place, Bath, and Mrs. H. P. Koelle

Pearl Freema

Clarinda (Bo) Allen

Is engaged to Christopher Attlee, elde son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Attlee, o Loory Croft, Perranworthal, Cornwall and nephew of Mr. Clement Attlee. She is the only daughter of Comdr. and Mrs. Campbell Allen, of 147 Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surre

Lenare

Imelda Anne Crawford

Is the daughter of Capt. Thomas Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford, of 39, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, and has been playing at the Theatre Royal, Yorks. Her fiancé is Sq.-Lr. Noel Fresson, son of the late E. M. Fresson, and Mrs. Fresson, of Grove End, Northwood, Middlesex

[Lenare

Mary Elisabeth Johnston

Announced her engagement in October to David Urling Clark, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Urling Clark, of Laglands, Reigate, Surrey. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnston, of Cockshut, Reigate, Surrey

Bassano

Denise Elizabeth Foster

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Allen Foster, of Howe Green, Great Hallingbury, Bishop's Stortford, Essex. She is engaged to Pilot Officer H. J. Rennie Dunn, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dunn, of Filton, Bristol

Angela Suzanne Layton

Is the daughter of Vice-Admiral an Mrs. G. Layton, of 80, Guardamangia Malta. Her engagement was an nounced in November to John Reginal Hall Parlby, the Devonshire Regiment son of the late Major R. J. Ha Parlby, and Mrs. Hall Parlby, of th Vicarage, Bishop's Lydeard, Somers

Lenare

Sub-Lieut. and Mrs. A. C. S. Irwin

Angus Charles Stuart Irwin, R.N.V.R., and Ines Wellesley Leach were married in mid-December at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He is the son of W. S. Irwin, of Motihari, India. She is the daughter of the late Frank Leach, of Jujuy, Argentina, and Mrs. Leach, of Rivermead Court, S.W.6

Lenare

Mrs. Charles Brownrigg

Kathleen Jane Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith, of the Flagstaff, Northam, Devon, married Charles Annesley Graham Brownrigg, son of the late N. G. Brownrigg, and Mrs. Brownrigg, of Fernden, Haslemere, Surrey, on Dec. 29 at St. Mary's, Bideford

Lenare

Mrs. G. F. Pontin

Theresa Armorel Lumley-Ellis and George F. Pontin, of Lukwah, Assam, were married at Dibrugah, Assam. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lumley-Ellis, of Littlefield Manor, Worplesdon, Surrey. His parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pontin, of Reading

Allen — Goddard

Richard Stafford Allen, Royal West Kent Regiment, only son of the late E. S. Allen, and Mrs. Allen, of Deepdale, Westerham, Kent, and Bridget Angela Goddard, eldest daughter of Theodore Goddard, of 47, Connaught Square, W.1, were married at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hyde Park Crescent

William Lloyd Roots, Surrey Yeomanry (and of 2, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple), son of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Roots, and Elizabeth Colquhoun Gray, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gray, of Filbridge, Great Staunton, Hunts., were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Roots — Gray

Graham — Lyman-Dixon

Lieut. Maxwell Nalder Graham, Royal Artillery, younger son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. P. Graham, of the Hill, Weare Gifford, Devon, and Eunice Mary Lyman-Dixon, daughter of Major and the late Mrs. Lyman-Dixon, of Holmhurst, Burley, Hants., were married at Burley Church

Peever — Ramsey

Lieut. C. W. R. Peever, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Peever, of Forres, Moray, and Gillian Ramsey, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ramsey, of Worth Matravers, Dorset, were married in December at St. Nicholas's, Worth Matravers

Stuart — Freegard

A wedding abroad was that of Capt. R. C. B. Stuart, Royal Signals, son of Major G. R. C. Stuart, of Glenroy, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and Evelyn Freegard, who was given away by Rear-Admiral Frank Elliot, R.N. They were married in the Royal Naval Chapel, Fortress Headquarters, Ras-el-Tin, and theirs was the first wedding to take place in this Chapel

Officer-Cadet James Dawson, LL.B., of Friars Croft, Causewayhead, Stirling, and Janet Margaret Chalmers Mitchell were married at St. Andrews, Bridge of Allan. She is the daughter of Dr. S. S. Mitchell, of Mansfield, Bridge of Allan, Perthshire

Dawson — Mitchell

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

Speeds and Limits

PARLIAMENT, no doubt, had other things to think of, but it rose for the Christmas recess without doing its duty by the speed-limit. When Mr. Oliver Stanley, in his brief reign as Minister of Transport, reintroduced the speed-limit, making it 30 m.p.h. in built-up areas, those M.P.s who were not afraid to speak up for us motorists against the overwhelming forces of the railway stockholders insisted on inserting a clause into the Act (the 1934 Road Traffic Act) to the effect that the speed-limit should cease to operate on December 31, 1939, unless Parliament should otherwise ordain. The intention was undoubtedly that its working should be reviewed after its five-years' trial.

However, instead of debating it, the House was content to let it be included in a line of a section of the Expiring Laws (Continuation) Bill. So now, presumably, the speed-limit continues from year to year, liable to be put on trial at any year-end. Well, I don't think anyone seriously wanted to attack the speed-limit. Both the big motoring organisations hold, I believe, that it has done good rather than harm, and while they would like the machinery of review and alteration of individual limits made easier, they have no quarrel with it in principle. And, of course, in these present conditions, no suggestion of its abolition or serious modification would have been listened to.

Rather the other way, in fact. Certain people, including some who are not at all ill-disposed to motoring, have been advocating a 15-m.p.h. speed-limit—at any rate after dark. Their argument, when not inspired by prejudice, is based on the fact that by far the largest proportion of fatal accidents now occur after dark, and have as their victims pedestrians, while motorists are being killed in actually smaller numbers than a year ago.

Apart from the inequity of saddling the motorist with the responsibility for what is demonstrably not his fault, there is a practical objection to this proposal, in that it is utterly unenforceable, and that as motorists all now drive without dash-lights, to avoid being dazzled, they cannot read their speedometers—or, indeed, estimate their speed with any accuracy, though it is quite certainly seldom more than 15 or 20 m.p.h. in city streets during the hours when the accidents predominate.

However, there is no intention of altering the speed-limit. The authorities, including the Minister of Transport, and the head of the London police, are thoroughly well aware that in present conditions, whatever the law may say about the vehicle-driver's responsibility, it is the pedestrian's duty to avoid the traffic when he crosses the road, for the simple and sufficient reason that he can see the vehicle, but the vehicle-driver cannot see him.

***This Daimler Ritz Saloon** is on one of the worst roads in Scotland, that from Glenelg to Invershiel, here overlooking Loch Duich. Radio and vacuum flasks are part of this luxury car's standard equipment*

What the pedestrian should demand is that motorists should use all the light the law allows them. But since they themselves are apparently impervious to all attempts to make them take elementary precautions when they step off the footpath, it is hardly surprising that the motorist is beginning to clamour for a regulation to compel those on foot to wear or carry something to render them visible.

A Crumb for the Retailer

GRUDGING hands have at last thrown an exiguous lifebuoy to the retail motor-trader as he struggles to keep his head above water. The latest rise in the price of petrol has meant for him that he now gets 3¼d. profit on each gallon, instead of 2½d. That 2½d. was the worst of his many grievances. He was prepared to be hard hit by the war, to see his petrol business cut by 60 per cent. by the rationing, his car sales vanish, and his servicing and repair work all but extinguished by the 25s. h.p.-tax and the wholesale laying-up it has caused. What got his goat was the fact that the Petroleum Board, which started by reducing his rate of profit on petrol from 2¾d. to 2½d., had twice raised the price to the public, and still refused even to restore the pre-war profit rate.

Seeing that the Board is mainly, if not entirely, composed of the heads of the "national" distributing companies—the three or four big wholesalers—the retailer felt that it was too much concerned in safeguarding the wholesalers' profits to worry what happened to the "little" man. Actually, the Mines Department, and, indeed, the Cabinet itself, demands to be satisfied of the rights and wrongs of any change in the price of petrol, so that there is that protection for the public against profiteering by the wholesalers, and you will note that, while the price has been raised a ha'penny, the profit margin has gone up ¾d., so that the wholesalers have actually foregone ¼d. of their share to help the retailer. For which I am sure the latter is duly grateful. But from all accounts he is still deeply suspicious of the Board and all its works. I wonder just how many of the 10,000 little petrol filling-stations that now exist will still be alive when the war ends—and whether the wholesalers will make any effort to resuscitate them.

The Voice of the Sultan

(Continued from page 56)

"I congratulate you on your men, Mr. Horsborough." The Sultan extended a languid hand.

Lieutenant Horsborough took one pace smartly forward and shook hands, then stepped back to salute.

The royal train was waiting: there was nothing more to be done.

The Sultan looked reflectively at Alfred. "You may remember from my school days that, even then, I showed certain traits of vindictiveness. It may interest your masters to know that I have not changed."

"It may, your Highness."

"I look forward to the day when the British flag rots."

The former ruler of Kandadar stepped into his car and was driven two hundred yards to the royal train. There was another escort on the train.

ALFRED'S voice read on. He turned the last page. Rory, in the next room, sighed with satisfaction and turned from the loud-speaker.

It was then that Alfred made his first impromptu speech over the radio.

"I have just read you," he said, "a pack of the most damnable lies. His Highness of Kandadar was deposed because he was not fit to rule. He was a dealer in slaves and a tyrant. It is true that I was at school with him. It is also true that I was one of those soldiers who were sent to remove him from his responsibility. I and my men have not the blood of women and children on our hands. We took one prisoner only. That was his Highness, the Sultan of Kandadar. The people of Kandadar are happier now that he has gone." Alfred's voice then rose to a sharp parade-ground bark: "God Save the King!"

ALFRED left the studio convinced that he had been on the air for the first and the last time. It was highly unlikely that he would even be paid for what he had done.

He was astounded when he got back to the apartment to find Isobel out of bed, preparing a meal for him.

"Isobel," he said, "you know that you should be in bed. I am quite capable of looking after the house."

She went busily about her work.

"You have no right to do housework, Alfred. It is undignified. Why ever didn't you tell me you knew the Sultan?" She rattled on: "Mary Freshweather has just been calling. She said she had never heard anyone say 'God Save the King!' in such a marvellous way since King Edward abdicated. Ian wants you to ring him up the minute you get in. They want us to spend Saturday and Sunday with them. They are sending the car."

Alfred could think of nothing to say. It would be time enough to explain about the money to-morrow. He went to call Ian Freshweather.

Ian's voice had a tinge of excitement: "Listen! No one has been after you yet, have they?"

"After me?" Alfred began to think unhappily of the police.

"Listen, Alfred. You know a lot about men's wear, don't you?"

"You mean, do I know where Savile Row is?"

"Yes. Our firm is going to take time on the air. I want you to broadcast once a week on men's wear. You know, bearing on all those English and Scottish lines we import. You have just the right voice for it. You will excuse me, but somehow your voice sounds exactly like the best English suitings." He hesitated. "Of course, Isobel may not like your doing it. It may seem a bit flat to her after that 'God Save the King' piece."

"Isobel," Alfred said, "will jolly well have to put up with it."

Isobel was standing at his elbow.

"Are you going to broadcast for Ian, dear?"

"I am, Isobel." He looked her in the eye. "On smart gentlemen's wear."

"Oh, Alfred, I knew you would soon be doing something really important again."

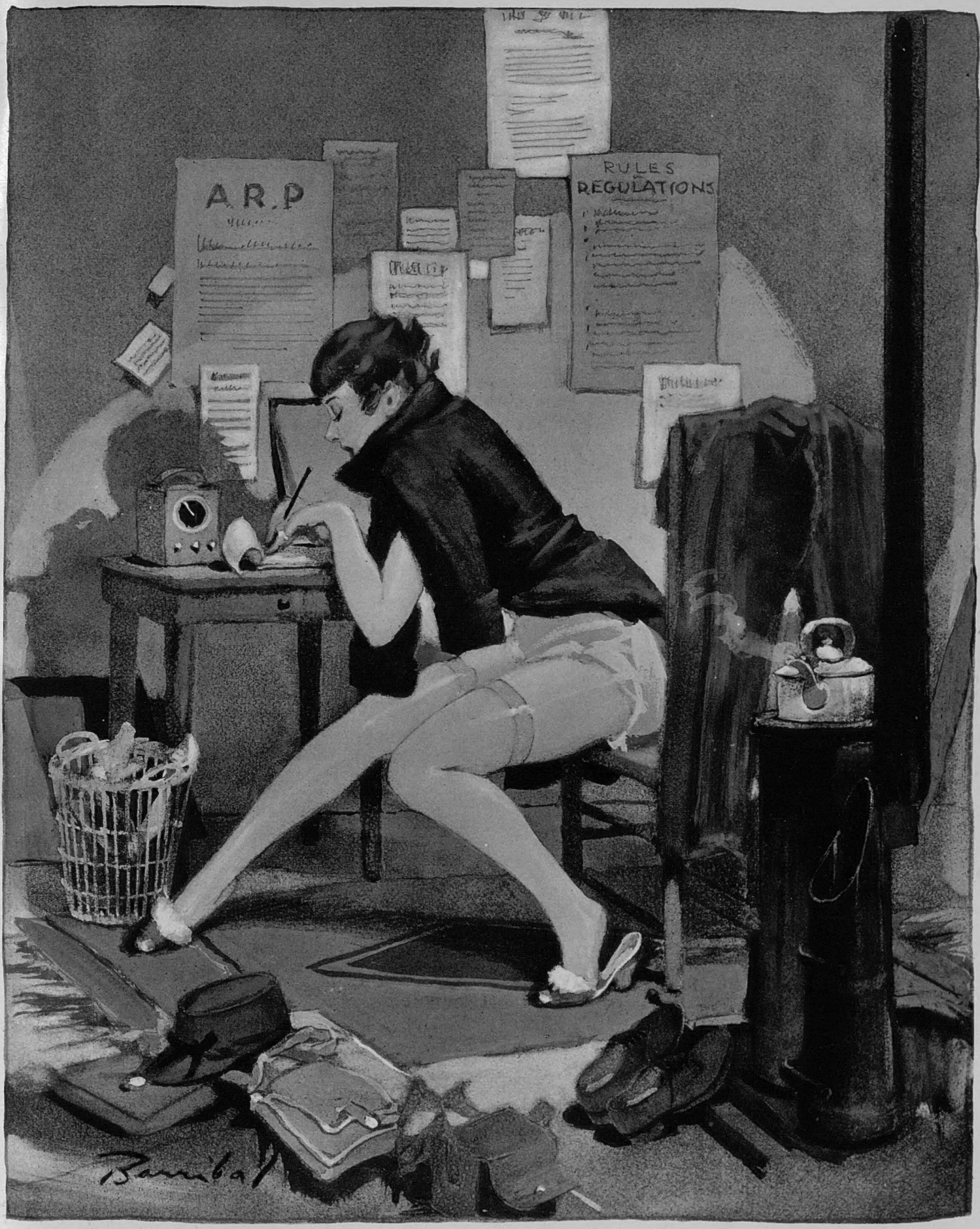
Alfred took up his hat.

"Where are you going now, dear?"

"I am going to get as drunk as the Sultan of Kandadar," he said.

THE END.

Dug-Out Décor



Rules and Regulations : by Barribal

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Carrying On

GOLF has seemed somewhat out of the picture just lately, between Christmas, war, petrol rationing, and last, but not least, wintry courses. All the same, some brave souls have put in cards, and there is a BYSTANDER spoon awarded in the silver division to Mrs. Musgrave, of West Bradford.

Nobody, however, has succeeded in ousting, or even tying, with Mrs. Brooks, of Morecambe, for the Yearly Cup which rewards the player who has won the most BYSTANDER spoons in the year. Four spoons have been won by this staunch supporter of BYSTANDER Foursomes during 1939, a very triumph of consistency, and one more proof that the low handicaps can win against all opposition if they really give their mind to the business. Mrs. Brooks' handicap has kept steadily to 4 all through the year. She won her first spoon at Morecambe last February, with a net score 1 below par, and added an all-square the next month. Then came a pause. Presumably Mrs. Brooks was too busy in BYSTANDER Foursomes at Hesketh, and at Portrush for the championship; at all events, the next win was in August, when she had a win at Parkstone with a card three below the scratch score there.

Up to this point the race was a neck-and-neck affair, for Mrs. McCarthy, with scores at Ranelagh and Stoke Poges, Miss Joan Hanson at West Bradford, and Mrs. A. L. McWilliam at Barrackpore, India, had also won three spoons apiece. All at that time were a head in that order, on points, Mrs. McCarthy's three wins totalling as much as eighteen strokes below scratch score. It was a case of dogged does it; undeterred by everything, Mrs. Brooks got in a winning card during November, 1 below at Morecambe, and so, with four spoons to the others' three, came in a clear winner and becomes the first Lancashire holder of the challenge cup.

THE cup is to be competed for again in 1940, spoons being given for the present under the wartime plan of awards in each division in proportion to the number of cards received.

Short daylight may make the cards meagre in number and poor in quality just now, but when some of them come in labelled Red Cross Competition, or when a winner writes that her spoon will always be a treasured memento of a holiday on the eve of war, there seems good reason to carry on with them. Golf can serve useful purposes even in war, in its right place.

Miss Paulette Goddard

From California comes this driving snapshot of film-star Paulette Goddard, currently to be seen in London in "The Women." Here she was playing in an exhibition match at Lakeside Country Club in aid of a Christmas fund; 3500 film-golf fans watched

Mrs. H. Brooks

The yearly "Bystander" Challenge Cup for the leading competitor in our Spoon Competition has been won by Mrs. Brooks, of Morecambe

WHICH reminds me that the Vesta Golfing Society, which does real good to golf for Overseas players, is very much alive, and well justified in so being. There is not only the question of cups given to the Dominions to be played for in those far lands; there are Dominion players over here who will badly need recreation at a club which they have the right to look on as their home course. Such is Hadley Wood, where Overseas players who join the Vesta G.S. have full rights of play and where they can entertain their friends. As more and more troops arrive, Overseas women golfers who may be hereabouts already will be doubly glad of Hadley Wood, whilst the home members, even if they have little thought of playing themselves, will no doubt keep up their subscriptions, because it is these which give the fuller privileges to the members from Overseas. The five shillings subscription, even in these hard times, with that horrid income-tax demand sitting on the desk, does seem such a trifling amount if it may be taken as a token of admiration and thankfulness to the Dominions whose splendid men are coming over the seas to us now.

It is, of course, not unexpected to hear of clubs in our own Dominions organising competitions for Red Cross, working parties for comforts for the troops: we are, after all, affiliated to the same golf union, one and indissoluble. But it does send an extra special thrill down the most apathetic spine to hear that clubs which would be turned down as outside the Empire if they tried to affiliate to the Ladies' Golf Union, are just as determined to share our war effort as those within it. For instance, the British wives of American husbands at the Mexico City Country Club have been laying their heads together, just as a former generation there did in the last war, and getting up competitions in aid of British war charities. How much they raise must be told at some future date, but the mere doing of it is good news, heartening to the spirit.

SO have been the Christmas and New Year greetings from golfing friends. There would have been good excuse this year if such things had been left alone, although actually the words of cheer, let alone such succulencies as the best Scotch shortbread, have been extraordinarily welcome, more so than ever. If I may be frankly personal, it has been an enormous pleasure to be greeted by such a big number of competitors, past and present, in the Girls' Championship. Those days at Stoke Poges have often seemed some of the best of the whole year; it is good to be reminded of them, and of the girls who have made them so. Young as some of them still are, those girls are doing their bit to the full; driving ambulances, standing by for nursing work, caring for evacuees, and all the rest of it. May their golf be all the better for the added grit they are acquiring for such a different purpose.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoon Competition and Yearly Cup

ACCORDING to present conditions, under which spoons are awarded in each division according to the number of cards received, the following is awarded this month for:

DECEMBER

Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Musgrave	West Bradford ..	91	14	77	74	3 above

after a tie with Mrs. MacFarlane, Northampton.

The Yearly Cup, for the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons in the year, has been won by Mrs. H. Brooks (Morecambe), with four wins. Three players tied for second place with three wins each, Mrs. McCarthy (Stoke Poges), Miss Joan Hanson (West Bradford), and Mrs. A. L. McWilliam (Barrackpore).

The spoon competitions will be continued until further notice, and the Yearly Cup will be competed for as usual in 1940.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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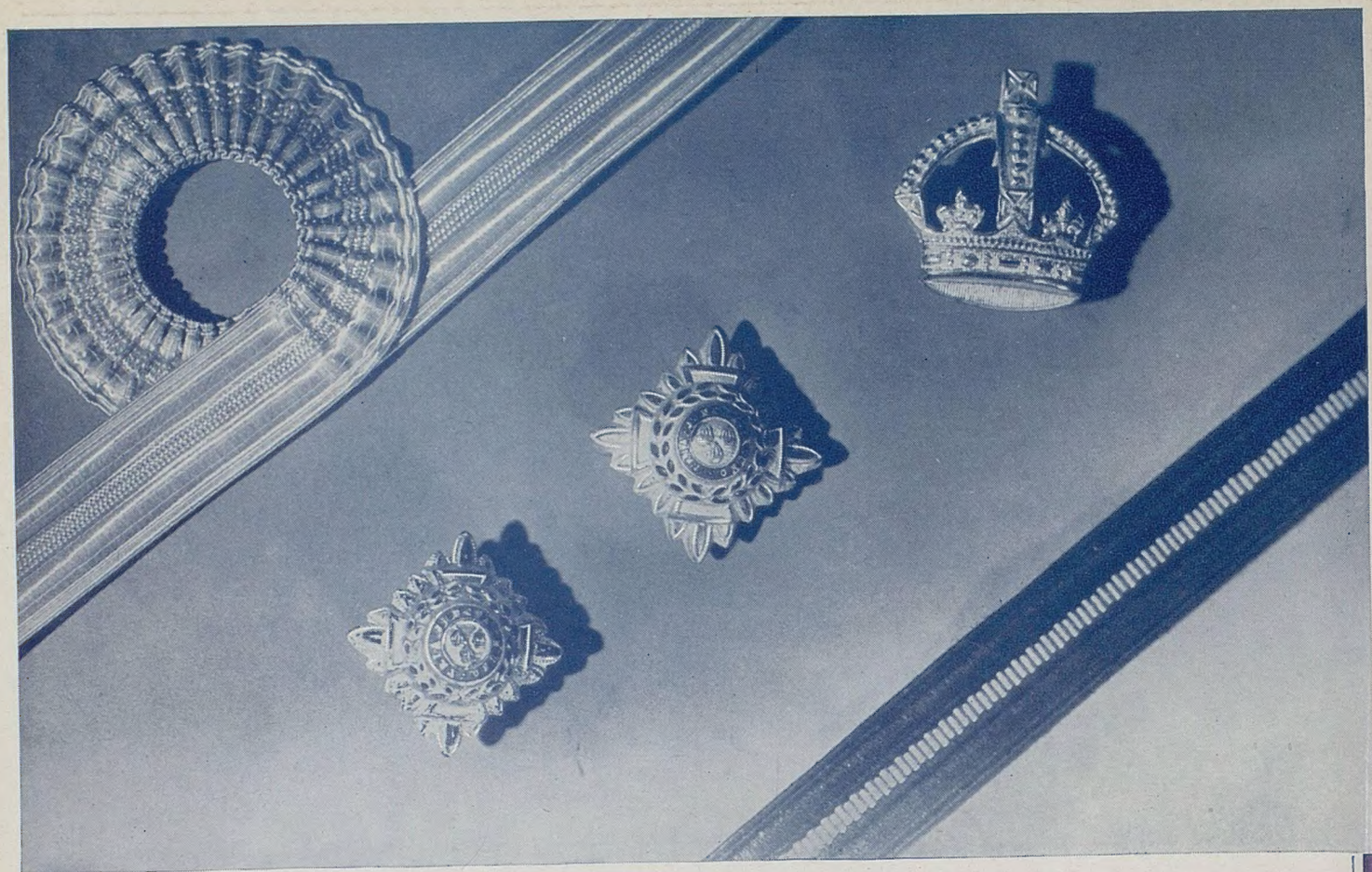

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